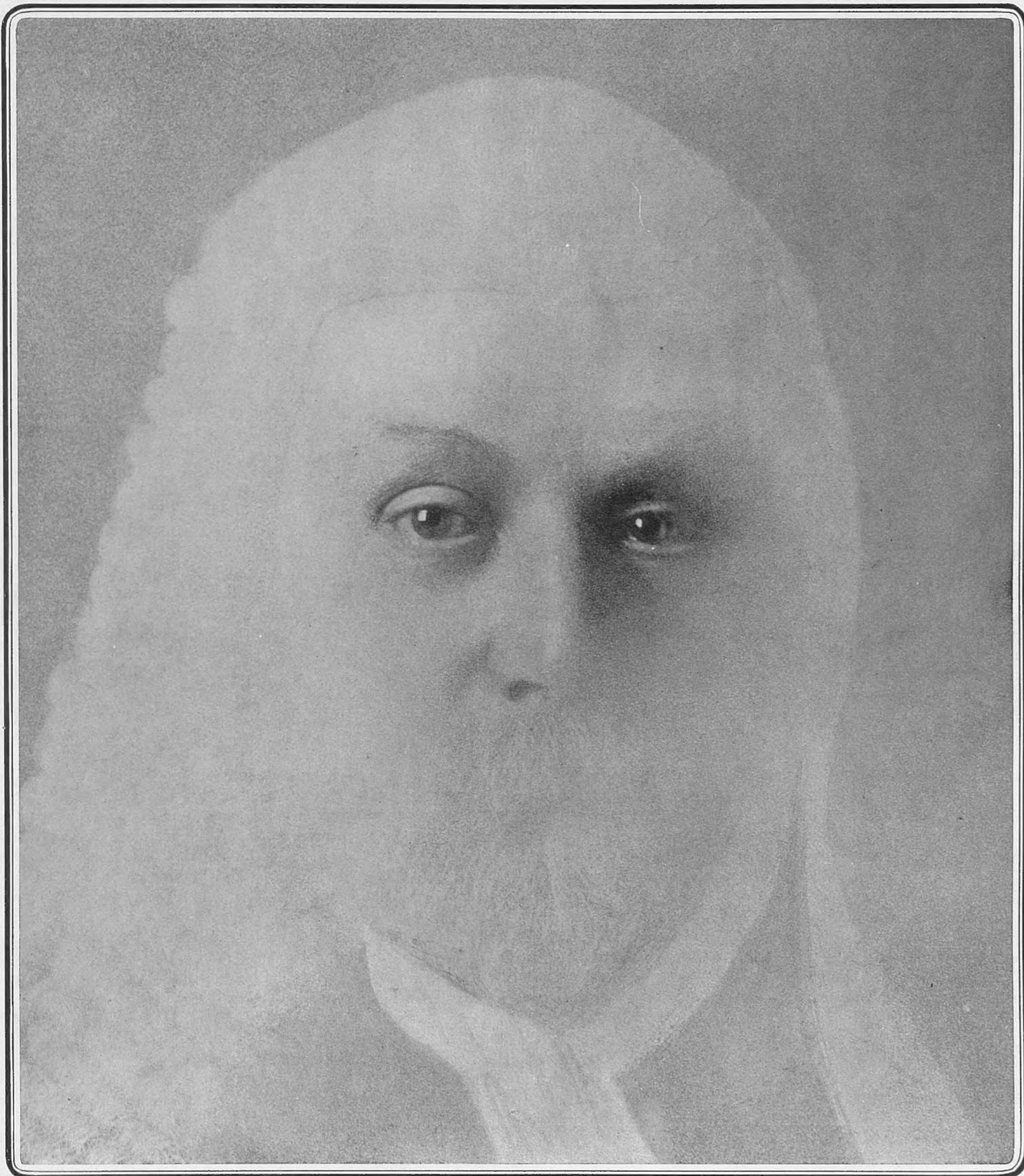


The Sketch

No. 944.—Vol. LXXIII.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1, 1911.

SIXPENCE.



TO BE CAUGHT BY ALL SPEECH-MAKING M.P.s: THE SPEAKER'S EYE.

It is the ambition of all M.P.s to catch the Speaker's eye, without doing which they can air neither their knowledge nor their views. There are private members, it will be remembered, who say that it is a good deal more difficult for them to catch the Speaker's eye than it ought to be, arguing that front benchers are given a decided preference. This matter was discussed in the House the other day in connection with the publication of a letter in which it was stated that the Speaker was not impartial. It need hardly be remarked that Mr. Lowther's well-known impartiality was absolutely vindicated. To emphasise the Speaker's "eye," we have dulled down the greater part of

Mr. Haines' excellent photograph.—[Photograph by Reginald Haines; Retouched by "The Sketch."]



SAN FRANCISCO.

I AM very happy to-day. I have come to a city that seems to be the realisation of most of one's dreams.

In making these motley notes of my tour through the United States and Canada, friend the reader, I try to answer the questions that I fancy you would put to me should it be my good fortune to meet you in the flesh. One of those questions, in all probability, would be this: would you care to live in America? I reply: England is my home. It needs a very strong pull to draw the thoroughbred Englishman from the home of his ancestors for "keeps": he will travel to any part of the world, but the memory of England, and the desire to get back to it, is always smouldering at the back of his head. Still, I think I could be very happy for ten, fifteen, or twenty years in San Francisco.

I have no desire, heaven knows, to speak ungraciously of the other great cities I have visited. St. Petersburg is Fairyland; Paris is Comic Opera Incarnate; New York is Tom Tiddler's Ground. Yet there is an atmosphere about San Francisco that few humans, I fancy, could resist. In some degree, this "atmosphere" is accidental. You know that the sun always shines, that the sky is always clear, and that the waters of the famous bay within the Golden Gate are always smooth and sparkling. But you cannot know, unless you have dwelt among the San Franciscans, that the keynote of the city is a big and splendid Brotherhood. This Brotherhood is the direct outcome of the disasters that have overtaken them, and that may—to state in clear terms what every man of them knows in his heart—overtake them again.

Ruin rushed upon their city; ruin has been their saviour. Scarcely was the great fire extinguished than the wail of lamentation was drowned by the ringing of the mason's chisel and the cheerful rattle of the carpenter's hammer. You may see many signs to-day of the earthquake and the fire. Here is a splendid block of buildings; next door to it a heap of ruins. Here is a palatial hotel on the very site of one that was destroyed; there the little huts shoved together in a night by the municipality for the shelter of the homeless.

Look a little deeper—look into the character of the San Franciscan, and you will find another result of the common sorrow. The man who is rich in spite of all walks arm-in-arm with the man who was beggared; the man who has is ready to give to the man who has not. Property is in common; money is fluid; men stand shoulder to shoulder.

Let me give you an instance within my own experience of the spirit that animates San Francisco. I arrived in the city at, say, six o'clock in the evening. I had two letters of introduction from friends in New York—both, as it happened, to the same man. He was a newspaper man—one of the best known, I quickly gathered, in Western America. How was I to get into touch with him that night? I consulted the bar-keep at my hotel. (The bar-keep of a big American hotel, by the way, holds much the same position as the landlord of a good English provincial hotel. He knows the majority of his customers by sight, and he knows their business. If they invite him to drink with them, he invites them to drink with him in return. Instinctively he distinguishes between the good 'uns and the bad 'uns. He can tell you whether this man is happily married and when that man went bankrupt. On all occasions, he is the person to settle disputes and hold stakes. He never borrows money, but he often lends it. When a familiar customer enters his bar he can tell at a glance what mood the man is in, how he has spent his day, and what drink he is about to order. He is an unfailing authority upon matters of the general health and digestion. He keeps his own worries to himself, unless you

are a particular friend, and he is never despondent or out of temper.)

"Do you think," I said, "that I should be likely to find him at his office?"

The bar-keep looked doubtful. "Besides," he replied, "that office is a way down town."

"Could I send my letters by special messenger?"

"Cost you a couple of dollars. Why don't you ring up the Family Club? I guess that's where you'll find him."

"But I can't ring up a man that I don't know!"

"I'll ring him up for you."

There was a telephone, of course, at his elbow. In two minutes I was talking to the unknown journalist.

"I am So-and-So," I said. "I've just got in, and I have letters to you from So-and-So and So-and-So. I don't know anybody in San Francisco, and it looks like being a melancholy evening. Will you do me the honour of dining with me?"

"My boy," replied the stranger's voice, "I'm just this moment sitting down to dinner with a lot of ruffians who've been out duck-shooting with me. What you do is to jump on the car and come right along. I'll keep a place for you, and the boys'll give you a hearty welcome."

"But you don't know me from Adam," I protested. "I may be the biggest fraud in the world!"

"Well, we'll take a chance on that. I'll expect you along in twenty minutes."

The hall porter at the club had been duly posted. My unknown host left his dinner to welcome me. I was taken into a room where some twenty men were sitting at a large round table. I was introduced to each man in turn, and each man gave me a tremendous grip of the hand that did one's heart good.

"Now," said my host, "I didn't know exactly what your tastes might be, but, since you're a Britisher, I've ordered you a lobster and a roast duck to follow. Is that all right? If not, just say the word and we'll have it altered."

I spent the evening at the Family Club—about which I hope to write more fully next week—and then we went to the Bohemian Club, famous the world over. The Family is an off-shoot of the Bohemian. All the members of the Family, I think, are members of the Bohemian, but they wanted a little simple home of their own. The Bohemian is a palatial place, with great stairways, and lofty ceilings, and wonderful pictures, and a real little theatre.

I was bidden to lunch and dine with the Family the following day. After lunch, my friend commandeered a beautiful automobile from another member (who surrendered the vehicle without a struggle), and showed me the whole of San Francisco in a couple of hours. I saw parks, palaces, emergency-huts, and ruins. And, as we travelled, he gave me a running description of those awful days that followed the historic earthquake. It was not the earthquake, of course, that did the damage; it was the fire. One remark that he made I shall never forget. We were standing on the hill that commands the Golden Gate. Our backs were to the bay, our faces to the city.

"I came up here," he said, "to follow the course of the fire. I am not a man easily frightened, but that was a sight, Sir, that terrified me. Imagine our helplessness!"

One did imagine it. Yet, when one thought of all that has been accomplished since those days and nights of terror, one knew that there was a glorious future for the brave, big-hearted people of San Francisco.

LORD MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU'S ELDER DAUGHTER AS ACTRESS.



THE HON. HELEN CECIL DOUGLAS-SCOTT-MONTAGU, WHO, AS MISS ELLAINE CECIL, IS APPEARING IN "THE GIRL IN THE TRAIN," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

Lord Montagu of Beaulieu's elder daughter, the Hon. Helen Cecil Douglas-Scott-Montagu, is appearing under the name of Ellaine Cecil at the Vaudeville Theatre, where she is playing a one-line part in "The Girl in the Train," and is one of the six dancers in a recently introduced number. "Miss Cecil," who is not yet twenty-one, began her stage career some little time ago when she went on tour in walking-on parts in one of Sir Herbert Tree's Shakespearean companies; this after she had attended Sir Herbert's dramatic school. After that she was in "The Siren's Call," a music-hall sketch, and in the chorus of "The Arcadians." We are indebted to "Miss Cecil" for supplying us with this photograph, and to "London Opinion" for our details.

Photograph by Mattype.

THE DANCE OF THE FOUR THOUSAND: UNITS IN
THE GREAT CHELSEA ARTS

1. A FRENCH WORKMAN AND AN EGYPTIAN LADY (MR. SIDNEY ROBERTS AS THE FRENCH WORKMAN).
2. AN EARLY VICTORIAN LADY (MISS O'SULLIVAN).
3. A GREEK (LADY CONSTANCE STEWART-RICHARDSON).
4. A QUAKER GIRL (MRS. KINGSLEY WOOD).
5. A ROMAN SOLDIER (MR. J. E. HENDERSON).

6. A SKELETON (MR. G. DICKENSON).
7. JESSICA (MISS COWIE).
8. A PREHISTORIC BELLE (MME. ULIDA).
9. A SPANISH LADY AND A VIKING (MR. AND MRS. ERNEST GEDGE).
10. A BACCHANTE (MRS. GRAHAM HARDING).

11. THE EMPRESS MARIE LOUISE AND NAPOLEON (MR. AND MRS. ERNEST WILD).
12. A VICTORIAN (MISS MARGERY MAUDE).
13. SENTIMENTAL EDUCATION (MRS. POWELL).
14. PHARAOH (MR. J. CARTER).
15. FIGURES FROM A FRANZ HALS (MR. AND MRS. O. T. BURNE).

The Chelsea Arts Club Costume Ball, now famous as a yearly function, was held at the Albert Hall last week, and was generally voted a tremendous success. The costumes were almost as ingenious as they were various, and a very great number of them were remarkable, not only for their beauty, but for an accuracy that is sometimes wanting in

Photographs by Langfier

THE KALEIDOSCOPE OF DRESS AT THE ALBERT HALL.
CLUB ANNUAL COSTUME BALL.



16. A BLIND MAN AND HIS DOG.
 17. A GENTLEMAN OF THE EARLY 19TH CENTURY AND A RUSSIAN DANCER (MR. AND MRS. OSCAR LEWISOHN, MISS EDNA MAY).
 18. SIR WALTER RALEIGH (MR. BASIL WATT).
 19. A DUTCH DOLL AND A GOLLIWOG (MR. AND MRS. COLLIER).
 20. A COUNTRY BOY (MISS HIGGINS).
 21. A FIGURE FROM A ROMNEY PICTURE (MRS. ALFRED LAMPSON).
 22. SVENGALI AND TRILBY (MR. FITZGERALD AND MRS. CARDY YOUNG).
 23. A LADY OF THE COURT OF LOUIS XV. (MISS INGRAM COOK).
 24. DAVID GARRICK AND A PIERROT (MR. A. M. MANDEVILLE AND MISS EVERITT).
 25. A WOMAN IN THE CASE (MRS. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH).
 26. AN ARABIAN KNIGHT (MR. ARTHUR DIOSY).
 27. A KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK (MR. WILLIE CLARKSON).
 28. A TUBE OF FLAKE WHITE (MR. ALBERT COLLINGS).

dressses favoured at ordinary fancy-dress balls. Some four thousand dancers were present. The proceedings commenced at ten and continued until five. Some idea of the interest taken in the affair may be judged from the fact that every ticket was sold days before the event, and many at a very considerable premium by those who were unable to attend.
supplied by Topical.

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"A FAIR HOUSE."

M R. DE SELINCOURT'S story, "A Fair House" (The Bodley Head), is about love—a love baffled at the highest point of its great wave and closing unrhymed, only to gather fresh energy from the boundless sea behind it. John Camden is a lovable man, and long before the reader has learned to love him for the strong mind and tender heart, there is sympathy for him in a grief which is touchingly told. He lost the wife with whom everything died, as he says, "except this rotten body of mine," with the birth of their first child. To a friend who entered soon after the blow fell, his room had no sign of being lived in. "Everything was in its place, untouched, unused." John himself, sitting every evening on his return home (he was a publisher) in the same upright chair, had made a habit of the place, as a dog likes to lie in the same corner of a room. His baby-girl upstairs scarcely counted: he dared not see her bathed, he had looked forward to the rite too much. Fortunately, a beautiful friendship came to his rescue. His friend took him a walk—right across country to Suffolk; and from thence on the story is one of growing love between himself and his little Bridget, of her development and his healing. There is, perhaps, a good deal of the nursery in the pretty domestic picture; but it is always a very superior nursery, with hints of Rousseau and other educational theorists in its niches. Women are accustomed to hear that none but they can rightly rear children. Bridget is a charming specimen of what a mere man can accomplish in this line. But Bridget's father is also a charming person, and so exceptional that it might be unwise to build theories on his success.

We wish to express our regret that, misled by the photographer who supplied us with the photograph in question, we published in our Issue of Wednesday last (Feb. 22) a snapshot purporting to show the Hon. Lilah White, which did not, in fact, show that lady. Naturally, we are very sorry that this slip should have occurred, and take this, the first, opportunity of correcting it, and offering our apologies to those concerned.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

WERNER LAURIE.

In Castle and Court House: Being Reminiscences of Thirty Years in Ireland. Ramsay Colles. 12s. 6d. net.

MURRAY.

Pot au Feu. Marmaduke Pickthall. 6s.

HODDER AND STOUGHTON.

The Vow. Paul Trent. 6s.

WARD, LOCK.

The Postmaster of Market Deighton.

E. Phillips Oppenheim. 6s.

MILLS AND BOON

Captain Sentimental. Edgar Jepson. 6s.

The Leech. Mrs. H. E. Gorst. 6s.

EVELEIGH NASH.

The Black Spider. Carlton Dawe. 2s. net.

SMITH, ELDER.

The Story of Cecilia. Katharine Tynan. 6s.

CHATTO AND WINDUS.

Men and Things of My Time. Marquis de Castellane. 6s. net.

Mothers and Fathers. Mrs. Maxwell Armfield (Constance Smedley). 6s.

CONSTABLE.

The Doctor's Dilemma, Etc. Bernard Shaw. 6s.

JOHN LANE.

The Bermondsey Twin. F. J. Randall. 6s.

SPECIAL NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE SKETCH."

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of "The Sketch," and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders, but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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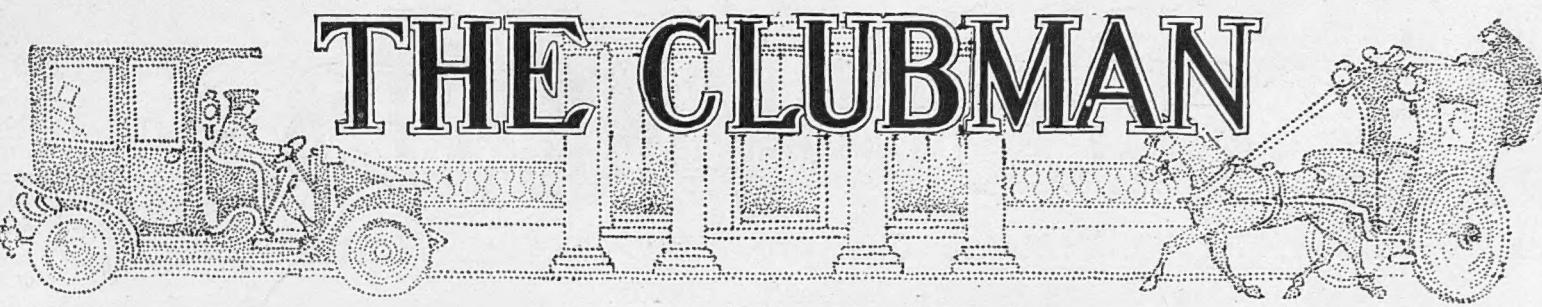
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March 1, 1911.

Signature.....



Gay Berlin. Some of the German papers are comparing Berlin life to London life, much to the disadvantage of the latter. Berlin has no early-closing regulations, and at many of the cafés and some of the restaurants and music-halls people sit up and revel till all hours of the night; but the real difference between the two cities is that the Berliners live in their cafés and restaurants, before the eyes of everyone, very much the same life that we Londoners live in our clubs. The clubs of Berlin are few in number, compared with our streets of club palaces. The Automobile Club, the Casino, the Union Club, the Club von Berlin, the Resource von 1794, the Club von 1800, and the Schriftsteller Club practically complete the list.

Night Life in Berlin. After the theatre or concert the Berliner of every class goes to one of the immense restaurants which are a distinctive feature of the German capital, and eats his supper in a leisurely manner, listens to the band that is playing, and goes home any time before one o'clock, unless he is going to make a night of it at Zum Weissen Ross, or the Bauernschänke, or some other cabaret which keeps open all night. An Englishman who has been to the play and has supped at a restaurant, the doors of which are closed at 12.30, if he does not feel inclined to go to bed, goes on to his club, and for the young bloods there are plenty of dances in London at the restaurants and hotels. London night life, to anyone who knows London, and has an objection to going to bed early, is really just as gay as Berlin night life, though the Berliners revel in public places, and the Londoners revel within closed doors.

Berlin in Summer. Where Berlin has the distinct advantage over London is that in summer time it has more open-air places of amusement for the people than London has. We have nothing to compare with the cafés in the Thiergarten; and the Berlin Zoological Garden, with its immense half-moon, by the lake, of chairs and tables, and its two military bands playing alternately, is a surprise to every Englishman who sees it. Berlin, however, has no out-of-door clubs that can for a moment compare with Ranelagh, Hurlingham, and Roehampton; but it gives its humbler citizens more chances of hearing good music in comfort in the open air and of drinking good light beer than London does.

Defective Charts. That all the charts of all the ports of Southern Europe, and all more out-of-the-way parts of the world, will have to be resurveyed means unlimited work for our sailor hydrographers, and until the work has been performed no big ironclad of the Dreadnought class will be quite safe in entering any out-of-the-way port. When most of the charts were made, twenty-eight feet was considered the extreme depth that was necessary for any ship of any kind to clear a rock, and any rocks which lay below this depth were not marked on the charts. The *Collingwood*, drawing thirty

feet, touched on a rock which was not charted, and no one knows how many of these thirty-feet perils there may be in other Spanish and Southern ports. There is an old story of a captain of a three-decker sitting in his cabin in the Mediterranean and discoursing on the hidden perils of the seas. "There is," he told the other officers sitting at his table, "somewhere in the Mediterranean a needle-pointed rock which has sunk vessels, but which has never been charted. I believe it to be somewhere about where we are now."

At that moment the ship staggered, for it had run on to this very unknown needle-pointed rock. That old three-decker story may now become a Dreadnought one.

Canada and Annexation. There is a good deal of loose talk set free on the other side of the Atlantic regarding the possible annexation of Canada by America, and that loose talk finds its echo over here. No doubt, quite a large number of Americans would like the provinces of Canada to come under the Stars and Stripes, and there is no rule for preventing American politicians from stating their views on this subject, any more than we can close the mouths of British politicians who wish India to be ruled by the Baboos, and England by the Little Englanders. Washington is full just now of Canadian journalists, sent there for the purpose of collecting "live" news for papers, and they do it. But one factor in the situation seems to have been very generally forgotten, and that is the intense loyalty of Canadians of all

classes to the British throne and their pride in the British flag. In England we take our loyalty far more as an everyday pleasure than the Canadians do. I sat next to a Canadian once at one of the Pilgrims' dinners, and he was astonished that the health of the King and the President of the United States should be coupled in the first toast. His perfervid loyalty could not accept the health of any other head of a foreign nation being coupled with his and our King. He was a typical Canadian, and what he said concerning the lukewarmness of British loyalty would have been echoed by thousands of other Canadians. The presence of the Duke of Connaught in Canada as Governor-General will serve to accentuate this fervent loyalty,

The New South Wales Cadets. The advo-

cates of

universal

home military service will

be able to point to the

New South Wales military

cadets who are coming to

England for the Coronation as an object-lesson of

their creed. Australia not

only holds that every able-

bodied man in the country

should be trained to take

part, if necessary, in the

defence of the country,

but it sees that these

theories are put into effect.

Australia has not the same

sentiment against compul-

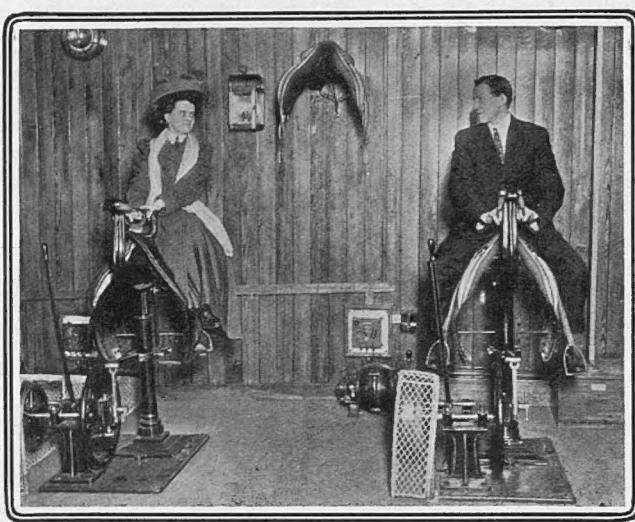
sory service of any kind that

Great Britain has. The

reluctance that a great

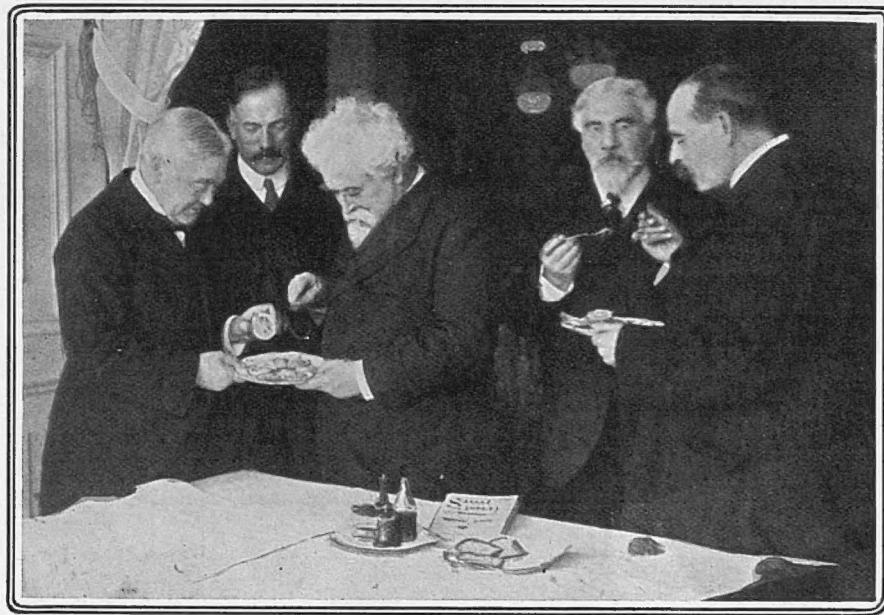
mass of the British people

entertain towards any form of compulsory service is a legacy of the times of the Napoleonic wars, and the slaughter in great battles, and the myriads of men who died of disease in foreign lands. Australia has had no wars, and therefore has no prejudices resulting from them.



ON HORSEBACK ON THE WHITE HORSES: RIDING ABOARD THE "FRANCONIA."

A feature of the new Cunarder "Franconia" is an excellently equipped gymnasium. In this are the two mechanical "horses" shown, which, worked by electricity, enable riding exercise to be taken.—[Photograph by C.N.]



THE NATIVE OYSTER ON TRIAL: SIR HIRAM MAXIM AND OTHER EXPERTS SITTING ON THE AMERICAN BLUE POINT AND THE NATIVE.

Thirty experts assembled at the Savoy the other day, determined to decide whether the native oyster can compete with the American Blue Point. Our photograph, which illustrates the judging, shows (from left to right, Mr. Newton Crane (Counsel for the Blue Point), Alderman Frank Cant (Mayor of Colchester), Sir Hiram Maxim, and Alderman Gurney Benham, of Colchester.—[Photograph by Record Press.]

CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

BY WADHAM PEACOCK.

FEW more affecting incidents have been reported of late than the kiss of farewell which M. Emile Dubonnet, the French aviator, gave to his old love when he said good-bye to her on the occasion of his marriage to Mlle. Orosdi. The fact that his old love was his aeroplane will account for the calm with which Mlle. Orosdi witnessed the parting.

Now that the French are officially adopting Greenwich mean time, no one would accuse our London clocks of unseemly haste if they did the same thing.

How keen the French are on the Entente Cordiale! The polyglot policemen and post-office clerks having failed, thirty cabmen are assiduously studying polite English conversation at a special school. Paris must be careful. If the thirty are too polite no one will realise that they are cabmen.

Owing to Mr. Champ Clark's keen sense of humour, the air to which the Yankee expedition will march to annex the Aurora Borealis will be "Champ, Champ, Champ, the boys are Clarking."

A beautiful specimen of the ermine was caught in the flower garden of Scottow Hall, Norfolk, a few days ago. Thoughtful beast! It has come over just in time to be skinned for the "lag" peers' robes.

CORONATION CLOTHES.

(Piccadilly during the summer months will be a perfect kaleidoscope of colour, owing to the "rainbow" clothes of both men and women.—*Daily Mirror*.)

For the past twelve months we have lounged in suits of a mournful and subfusc hue, In dingy greys and in sombre blacks or, at most, in a dark, dark blue; But now, for the coming season, we are letting our clothes run wild In a riot of raging colour, with blue upon crimson piled; With light grey covered with purple squares, and glittering in between The glory of every alternate square in a vivid arsenic green; With light brown streaked with a brilliant red; or else with a shepherd's-plaid Which would dazzle the eyes of a blameless cow and drive a bull-calf mad.

Shortly each Piccadilly bus will split its gears to see The startling kaleidoscopic hues to be worn by you and me.

As we dander along in front of the clubs in light brown streaked with red, The airman will drop with a dying shriek from his biplane overhead; And Old Q's ghost will sound "last post" and gibber away dismayed At the thunder-and-lightning hat-bands from the Burlington Arcade. For the tailors will dress us in gorgeous tints, and the quietest need not fear To come out in blazing and blistering togs for the Coronation Year.



Strawberries have been fetching forty shillings a pound in Covent Garden Market. Now's your time to buy them while they are cheap.

Women have recently taken up boxing with energy, but the champion who is to uphold the honour of the white race against Massa Johnson will not be found among them. A boxing

instructor cruelly describes the style of his girl pupils as "amusing." Still, with experience they may be able to keep their husbands in order.

TURKISH PANTALOONACY.

(Dr. Madeline Pelletier, the French Suffragette, sees in the harem skirt release from the moral servitude in which the tyrant man has for ages kept her sex.)

For countless ages brutal man,
With unexampled knavery,
Has kept, as only tyrants can,
His womenkind in slavery.
He arrogates the right to wear
Both trousers and a jetty coat,
But forces maid and wife to bear
The burden of the petticoat.

The day of wrath has dawned at last
On man's obtuse brutality;
Means, that were hidden in the past,
Stand forth in grim reality.
Hark! Hark! It is the tocsin's sound
(Not feminine buffoonery),
The badge of freedom has been found
In—Turkish pantaloony!

Mr. Sinclair says it is absolutely certain that no one ever died of starvation while fasting. The men who have died of starvation in three or four days were killed by fright. It is a great pity that the

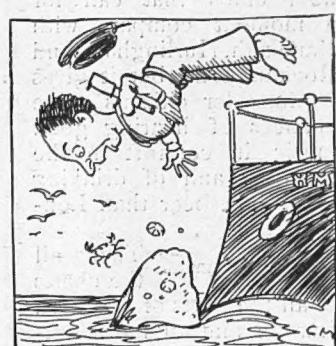
men who thought that they were dying of starvation did not know of this. Scientific investigators are always adding to the sum of human knowledge. Miss C. E. Isaacson says that the common house fly can get quite comfortably fuddled on one drop of beer. This is exactly the thing that a man who finds a drowned fly in his glass of bitter has hitherto fruitlessly yearned to know.

Herr Carl Hagenbeck is going to establish a Garden of Eden "Zoo" upon the island of Brioni, in the Adriatic, where birds and beasts of many kinds may roam in absolute freedom. Tickets may now be taken for the sweepstakes on the animal which will survive all the rest.

There is much virtue in a headline. Sir John Macdonell's report on divorce cases is introduced in a morning paper with the lines, "Fewer Divorces. Idle Husbands." But, after all, the idleness of husbands in this connection ought not to be so ruthlessly pilloried.

The London correspondent of the *Tagliche Rundschau* is of opinion that gay Berlin is far preferable to dreary London. In connection with this a telegram, also from Berlin, should be read, which states that there has just been a large escape of natural gas in Germany.

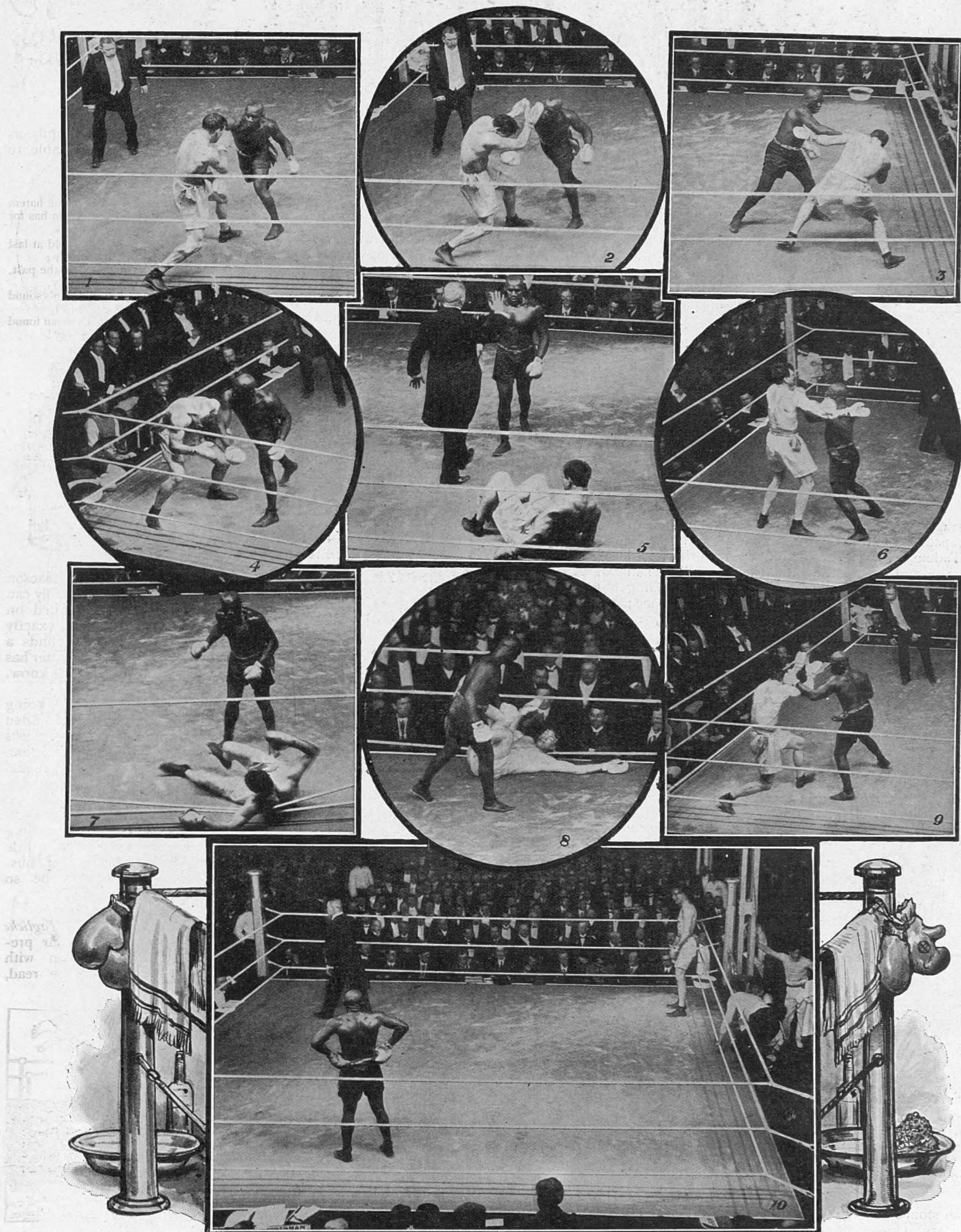
Three uncharted rocks at the entrance to Ferrol Harbour—evidently those on which three British war-ships struck last week—have been discovered by the Spanish Hydrographical Commission, says a telegram. To the mere landsman it would seem that the British ships discovered the rocks.



The difference between measles and German measles is that measles came into this country with the Anglo-Saxons, and are an old-established firm; but German measles are quite modern, and therefore undesirable aliens.



THE WHITE - KID - GLOVE CONTEST: LANGFORD VERSUS LANG.



1. LANGFORD GETS HIS RIGHT HOME ON LANG'S JAW.

2. A SMASHING RIGHT FROM LANGFORD.

3. RIGHT-HAND WORK BY LANGFORD.

4. LANG DODGES A RIGHT SWING FROM LANGFORD.

5. LANG KNOCKED TO THE ROPES IN ROUND THREE.

6. LANGFORD GETS IN AN UPPER CUT WITH THE RIGHT.

7. LANG NEARLY SENT THROUGH THE ROPES IN ROUND FOUR.

8. LANGFORD LAYS LANG LOW IN ROUND FIVE.

9. LANGFORD LANDS HIS LEFT ON THE HEAD IN ROUND SIX, JUST BEFORE THE DISQUALIFICATION OF LANG.

10. MR. EUGENE CORRI, THE REFEREE, HAVING ORDERED LANG TO HIS CORNER, GOES TO THE M.C. TO ANNOUNCE LANG DISQUALIFIED, WHILE LANGFORD STANDS AT HIS EASE AWAITING RESULTS.

The great glove contest between Sam Langford, the coloured man, and Bill Lang, the Australian, as a result of which it was understood the winner would be put in a position to meet Jack Johnson, took place on Tuesday of last week. Langford had the best of it all the way, and during the sixth round Lang, who has since stated that he was dazed and did not know what he was doing, was disqualified for striking his opponent while the latter was on one knee from a slip. Langford's weight was given as 11 stone 12 lb.; Lang's, as 14 stone 7 lb. Mr. Eugene Corri was referee; boxing-gloves of white kid were used.—[Photographs by Topical.]

SMALL TALK



WIFE OF THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY: MRS. REGINALD MCKENNA.

Mrs. McKenna, who presented her husband with a second son the other day, was Miss Pamela Jekyll, daughter of Sir Herbert Jekyll. Her marriage took place in 1908.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

board. To meet and greet the Japanese Ambassador and Mrs. Kato, the representatives of the nation of artists, painters were present in number, with Sir L. Alma-Tadema, Sir Ernest and Lady Waterlow, and Sir George and Lady Reid. Mr. Claude Phillips had to make many times over his excuses for relinquishing the post he has admirably filled at the Wallace; Mr. Somerset Maugham was commandeered to say "Grace"; and Mr. Bertram Mackennal to prove that his pocket contained no early impression of the new pennies he gives us as the best of his thoughts.

The Unemployed. The Marquis de Soveral was consoled with at the death of King Edward and the fall of his own monarchy, much as if he himself had been put under an extinguisher. But he has taken his reverses with all the traditional Portuguese pluck. As the guest of Lord and Lady Lytton, as a frequent diner-out, as the parader of Bond Street, he is still the man with a waist, a cigar, and an inscrutable calm that Max Beerbohm once put on paper. Bond Street is, perhaps, the scene of his greatest triumphs. What matter if his sovereign lord is deposed? The composure and ease of his gait, the observant eye, the irreproachable coat—all these are his. No Englishman can walk those



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN C. E. DE LA PASTURE, OF THE SCOTS GUARDS, SON OF THE MARQUIS DE LA PASTURE: MISS AGATHA MOSLEY.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



ONLY DAUGHTER OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE JAPANESE AMBASSADOR IN LONDON: MISS KATO.

Miss Kato's father has been Japanese Ambassador to this country since 1908. He was Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary in London from 1894 to 1899. From 1900 to 1901, and in 1906, he was Minister for Foreign Affairs.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

English stones with so fine an air of mastery. Only the Latins know how to saunter.

No Sound of Revelry by Night. Lady Altamont has the courage of her own convenience: she refuses to give a dinner before a dance. Other hostesses are heroically willing to hide their preoccupations all through ten courses; but Lady Altamont would rather hear the sound of fifty fiddles tuning than

the mere babble of table-talk before a ball. There is another hostess even more determined not to appear weary at her dances. But her method is different. At a famous wedding of one of her daughters the other day she scattered invitations for an impromptu dance "to finish the great day." Perhaps her impulsiveness was known to the majority, for when one trustful man drove up to the Duchess's door he noticed that his was the solitary vehicle before a darkened house. He alighted, however; but only to find pinned on the door a note, in a well-known hand: "We are all very tired, and have gone to bed; there will be no dancing." The manners of the times are becoming much easier, and most people rejoice in the sensible freedom that certain ladies are determined to introduce.

The Fastidious German. Countess Fritz Hochberg, who has been observed, and observing, at some of the early-season dances, has had to listen to criticism without the joy of meriting it. Count Fritz Hochberg's marvellous book of travels is his, not hers. But the ardent Briton is content to fasten his protests on to any available representative of the Count. Count Fritz Hochberg is nothing if not frank, and his account of a journey through the British Empire will annoy the Englishman who carries the white man's burden with a light but proud heart. Count Fritz disapproves of almost everything he saw and heard, from the young man in a Southampton Hotel, and Lord Curzon, to the "snorting" Australian and a prize-fight in Sydney.

The Sheet Anchor.

The man who said during dessert, "Pass the pigs, fleas," felt not half so uncomfortable as a recent victim of the tongue's tendency to spoonerisms. His misfortune was that he was a Cabinet Minister talking to an attentive dinner-table with immense persuasiveness of certain aspects of the scare of invasion. "No," he



LADY ROSEMARY PORTAL.

Lady Rosemary's husband, Mr. Wyndham Portal, is resigning his commission in the 1st Life Guards to join his father, Sir William Portal, in the famous paper-making concern at Laverstoke, which has the monopoly of making notes for the Bank of England.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



WIFE OF THE JAPANESE AMBASSADOR AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S: MME. TAKAAKI KATO.

Mme. Kato, whose marriage took place in 1886, was Haruji, sister of Baron Hisaya Iwasaki. She has one son and one daughter.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]



DAUGHTER OF COLONEL H.H. THE MAHARAJAH OF COOCH BEHAR: PRINCESS SUDHIRA OF COOCH BEHAR.

The Maharajah has four sons and three daughters. He is Hon. Colonel of the King's Land Forces; Past Grand Senior Warden of England; and Past Grand Mark Master of Bengal. In 1878 he married the eldest daughter of Keshub Chander Sen.

Photograph by Bassano.

said, "do not come to me with old wives' tales. Whatever else may fail, we can always rely on the Flannel Sheet." There was a moment of discomfort, and even an officer high in command in the Channel Fleet did not at once accept the compliment of the allusion. Then followed a ripple of laughter which persuaded the speaker of the comfort and the effectiveness of his assurances.

ONE OF ENGLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL SKATERS



LADY HELEN VINCENT: HER LATEST PORTRAITS.

Meredith's heroines have a mannerism of "swimming" across a room; as it is meant to convey an action, not frog-like, but very graceful, the word would be better applied to the smoother progress of such skaters as Lady Helen Vincent. Mounted on the steeds of steel that add such becoming inches to the height, she moves, whether at Prince's or St. Moritz, with most admired motion. Her "eights" and more complicated evolutions are well enough, but there is another figure that she cuts which is even prettier! A daughter of the aged Earl of Feversham, and the wife of the Sir Edgar who has sat so successfully on Ottoman banks, she has for second name Venetia, and next to her passion for skating comes her passion for the City of the Sea. If she has dreams of Paradise it is of a place that resembles Venice—but a Venice with frozen canals.—[Photographs by Lallie Charles.]

CROWNS·CORONETS·COURTIERS

PERHAPS you cannot be quite as lively at sixty-eight as at eighteen; but the party mustered at the Ritz in honour of Lord Claud Hamilton's two-off-seventieth birthday did him honour in very gay fashion. Babble ceased not, and the laugh of the elderly resounded. Amid red roses and lilies-of-the-valley ran a model Great Eastern engine and tender—a souvenir of Lord Claud's services to the company. It bore his name, and was numbered "68," perhaps a rather ominous emblem of the express passage of the years. To complete the list of his privileges, Lord Claud was given that slight grievance without which no Englishman's dinner is complete—it was he who paid the little bill. Among the many minor reversals of the time is this—that the man with a birthday rejoices in the opportunity of giving presents instead of receiving them, the giving being much the more entertaining process of the two. Besides, in the case of dinners, the giver chooses the cook, and who, then, would prefer to be a guest? Sir J. Crichton-Browne's charming plea for the dishes that make the mouth water, and thereby set in train all the complicated machinery of nutrition, is good news to the gourmet. It strengthens his position when, going a stage further than Sir James, he refuses the invitations of his friends on the ground that he can partake from the hand of but one cook—his own.



FORMERLY COUNTESS ADELE PALAGI; LADY CADOGAN, WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE RECENTLY.

Lady Cadogan is a cousin of her husband, and a daughter of Olivia, Countess Palagi, the youngest daughter of the late General the Hon. Sir George Cadogan.

Photograph by Schemboche.

coursing of the meals of at least five nations, with the illustrations supplied ready to his tongue by his Excellency's learned and travelled chef. The Ambassador is one of those hosts who, in Lady Dorothy Nevill's rather "beetly" phrase, leave "no stone unturned to make a meal successful." And Lady Granard was there to recall the clam-soup and cranberry-sauce of her childhood.

The Post-Imps. The most interesting thing about the wild gang of Post-Impressionists—Post-Imps., forshort—who disported themselves first at the Friday Club dance and then among the vast company gathered by the Chelsea Arts Club at the Albert Hall, was their identity. Merely as shows they were interesting enough, painted brown, bare-legged, and draped in fragments of violent-coloured fabrics made in Manchester for trade with savages supposedly much further from home. But to know—as one could in the smaller

rooms of the Friday Club—that two of the ladies were the lovely daughters of a father with a famous name, that one disfigured countenance was that of a distinguished art master, and that the black glasses with great white rims of another demoniacal creature hid the benign brows of Mr. Roger Fry—all this was quite exciting. Would Sir Edward, the ex-Judge, have recognised his son that night, or New York have known again this unbooted and unfrocked version of the one-time curator of the Metropolitan Museum?

The Brownies. Mr. Roger Fry is not the only person who is now trying to rid his skin of brown. From Switzerland have returned quite a troupe of ladies in high society intent upon the dinners and dances of London. But they are perplexed; exercise in snow and sun, a most tanning combination, has burnt their necks and faces a most resplendent colour. There is a hard-and-fast line where brown meets white low down on their necks; and until an ingenious modiste invents a new evening gown these harassed fairs must explain why they appear to be made in two colours.



A NEW PORTRAIT OF A FAMOUS HOSTESS: MRS. PARIS SINGER, OF OLD-WAY HOUSE, PAIGNTON, SOUTH DEVON.

Photograph by Bassano.

The Critic on the Hearth. By the way, Sir Charles Frederick, who presided when Sir J. Crichton-Browne spoke at the banquet of the Universal Cookery and Food Association, is himself no mean critic on the kitchen hearth. Lunching the other day with the Spanish Ambassador, when King Manoel, the Marquis de Soveral, and the Astro-Hungarian Ambassador were also in the company, he found himself dis-

tingly dome of the Albert Hall enclosed such high spirits as those of last Wednesday. It was hardly high enough to contain them. If an occasional cloud flitted over the face of the Greek-dressed Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson, it was because her Japanese charm had played her false on Tuesday. She sent it to Lang—not Andrew of the brindled hair, but to Lang the champion of British against coloured pugilism. But why Japanese? It was a matter of black and white, not yellow, and, naturally, it failed.

Mr. Drexel. The daily papers are at times amusing when they deal with American social news. Among many exaggerated reports, we learn that Mr. Anthony Drexel was "mercilessly chaffed" when he went to bid



YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL OF RUSSIA AND COUNTESS TORBY: COUNTESS NADEJDA TORBY.

The Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby have three children—Countess Anastasia Torby, who was born in 1892; Countess Nadejda, who was born in 1896; and Count Michael, who was born in 1898.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]



MARRIED LAST WEEK: THE HON. MRS. C. VYNER BROOKE, WIFE OF THE HEIR OF SIR CHARLES BROOKE (H.H. THE RAJAH OF SARAWAK), G.C.M.G.—[Photograph by Russell.]



ELDER DAUGHTER OF THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL OF RUSSIA AND COUNTESS TORBY: COUNTESS ANASTASIA TORBY, A DÉBUTANTE OF THIS SEASON.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]

his younger brother, Mr. Armstrong, aeroplaning triumphs. He was hardly out of his teens before he broke a height record, and had among his pupils such fine fliers as the ill-fated Cecil Grace.

Lord and Lady Decies a prosperous journey home. The account suggested one broad grin from stern to bow of an Atlantic liner. All this, remember, because he had lost in a glove contest with the Hon. Robert Beresford. Would it have been equally funny if the other man had been knocked out? one wonders. Mr. Drexel has little enough to be ashamed of. He is far too young to be anything but a very quick and agile fighter; the stamina and experience of age were on the side of his opponent. Mr. Drexel is not without great distinction in various sports; and to

"A MARRIAGE HAS BEEN ARRANGED—"



1. MISS THEODORA V. EARLE, ONLY CHILD OF THE HON. MR. ARCHDALE EARLE, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. ROBERT HOLMES ARBUTHNOT GRESSON WAS FIXED TO TAKE PLACE ON THE 28TH.

4. VISCOUNT HOOD, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS PRIMROSE STAPLETON COTTON, YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF COL. THE HON. R. STAPLETON COTTON, WAS FIXED TO TAKE PLACE ON THE 28TH.

7. MISS VICTORIA FITZ-ROY, SECOND DAUGHTER OF THE REV. LORD CHARLES FITZ-ROY, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MR. RICHARD STURGIS SEYMOUR, FIRST SECRETARY IN BERLIN.

2. MISS ISOBEL SWITHINBANK, DAUGHTER OF MR. HAROLD SWITHINBANK, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MR. R. STAFFORD CRIPPS, SON OF SIR ALFRED CRIPPS, K.C., M.P.

5. MISS HELEN JOHNSON HOUGHTON, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. GEORGE GORDON LOCKETT IS TO TAKE PLACE ON THE 7TH.

8. MR. STANLEY HOWARD, ELDEST SON OF MR. HENRY HOWARD, OF STONE, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MRS. SCRIVENER WAS FIXED FOR THE 27TH.

3. MISS TERESA D. REAY, DAUGHTER OF COLONEL REAY, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MR. E. JOSCELYN P. ASKEW, YOUNGER SON OF THE LATE CANON ASKEW.

6. THE EARL OF HARDWICKE, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO MISS NELLIE RUSSELL, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF MRS. RUSSELL, OF AUCKLAND, IS ANNOUNCED.

9. MRS. SCRIVENER, ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE LATE MR. JAMES McFARLAND, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. STANLEY HOWARD WAS FIXED FOR THE 27TH.

Photographs Nos. 1 and 7 by Kate Prugnell; 2, by Lallie Charles; 3, by Swaine; 4, 5, and 6, by Lafayette; 8 and 9, by Thomson.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

The Heroic Waller. Mr. Lewis Waller is "at it" again, and representing once more a hero of romantic drama who resembles very faithfully most of the preceding heroes of romantic drama. He is dressed much more picturesquely, has a greater number of "fat" speeches and more to do than in many plays; in fact, his numerous admirers have a very favourable opportunity of enjoying their idol in the character of the magnificent Bardelys. They will find the whole play to their taste, for it is full of incident and free from any appeal to the intellect, and Messrs. Henry Hamilton and Rafael Sabatini are by no means "precious" in style. They might have introduced a little more humour, yet humour nowadays is dangerous in these pieces. As it was, Miss Lottie Venne had to work very hard to earn the laughter with which her somewhat modern seventeenth-century sallies were greeted. Miss Madge Titheradge, as the heroine, looked very pretty, and acted with sincerity, but not without some suggestion of effort and a little monotony. Miss Dorothy Dix, an actress of considerable talent, had little to do, and did it very well. Of course, Mr. William Haviland was at home in presenting an entirely melodramatic villain, and one could not ask for anything better of its kind than his performance. The audience enjoyed the comicalities of Mr. Reginald Dane as a foolish youth.

The Pantomime—Second Edition. Those who, like Mr. Jamieson in his interesting, able book, called "Art's Enigma," require that drama should be nicely proportioned, well balanced, and the homogeneous outcome of a single impulse of imagination, naturally disapprove of second editions; but I doubt whether Drury Lane or its patrons care much about Mr. Jamieson and his theories. At any rate, there is a second edition, with cuts and additions, and new songs and dances, and even the abbreviated work lasts about four hours and a half, with a single entr'acte. Compare this with programmes at fashionable theatres, where sometimes there are three, and always two, long intervals in an entertainment of three hours or so. It is pardonable not to recollect the first edition well enough to know what is new in the second, so let me merely record the fact that the new version is brisker than the first, and no serious loss has been sustained by the omissions. Moreover, the low-comedians have worked up their business thoroughly. Even the "superior person" might laugh at the Widow Hallybut of the resourceful Mr. George Graves, and the quaint Dr. Lankey of Mr. Ernest Langford; and there are those who joy in the strenuous labours of Mr. Harry Randall and Mr. George Barrett; whilst Miss Dolly Castles and Miss Julia James have hosts of admirers.

A Revival At the Court Theatre, of "Nan." Miss Lillah McCarthy has followed up her triumph in "The Witch" by an equally triumphant performance of Mr. John Masefield's grim but strikingly beautiful tragedy of "Nan." Why this play has not been seized upon by "star" actresses for the exhibition of the whole range of their art is not easy to say. The drama possesses grim, quiet tragedy and passionate tenderness and exquisite poetry, and it ends with a murder that calls for the genius of a Bernhardt. We could not ask

for anything better than Miss McCarthy's beautiful and pathetic rendering of Nan, or Mr. Hignett's performance as the old blind fiddler, or the very natural and human William Pargetter of Mr. Horace Hodges, an actor whose playing is well worthy of the best traditions of the Court Theatre. Mr. Granville Barker's little farce, "Rococo"—a family quarrel over a will—is a wildly irresponsible little play of much humour, though hardly characteristic of its author. It gives good opportunities to Mr. Norman Page and Miss Agnes Thomas, of which they make the most.



MISS DOROTHY LE MARCHAND AS MAMILLIUS IN THE O.U.D.S. PRODUCTION OF "THE WINTER'S TALE."

Photograph by Hills and Saunders.

The New Farce. Miss Margaret Mayo's farce at the Criterion, "Baby Mine," has certainly the gift of provoking immoderate laughter. This may be not quite all that a farce should do, but it is the chief thing, and the piece is therefore likely to be a great success. It goes on the theory that if a husband is pleased to find that he has been presented with one child, his pleasure is doubled if there are two, and trebled if triplets present themselves, and so on. The idea is quaint, and is skilfully handled, with a knowledge of the way to work up to a climax. The babies, it should perhaps be explained, are only borrowed for the purpose of deceiving the husband, and it was not really intended that he should ever meet all the three of them; how that happened would take too long to explain. "Baby Mine" gives Mr. Weedon Grossmith abundant room for his peculiar humour, and Miss Iris Hoey a chance for a quite fascinating performance as the youthful, very innocently deceitful little wife. Given a chance in better things, and she seems likely to prove a comédienne of quite unusual merit.

A French Lily. The play at the Kingsway, adapted from the French by Mr. D. Belasco, is quite remarkably interesting and effective. In observation and fidelity to life it may be a little weak; indeed, it seems to represent an experiment of practised conventional playwrights in writing unconventional drama, and such an experiment naturally deserves consideration. The outcome is a piece with excellent acting parts and strong situations marked by freshness of treatment; and since the characters were, on the whole, admirably played, the audience was enthusiastic.

The figures that stand out are Miss Mabel Hackney as a French girl of good family, who asserts her right to "live her own life," and is over-intimate with a married artist: he ultimately gets a divorce and weds her. The part demands great emotional display, and got all that it demands. Miss Hackney's work was superb. Mr. Laurence Irving had our old friend the selfish, aristocratic old rake, and by his cleverness made a new and interesting man of him; he accomplished a really remarkable feat. It was, I fancy, the intention of the authors to treat Odette, the down-trodden elder sister of the heroine, as the central dramatic figure. Miss Geraldine Olliffe,

in some respects, played the part admirably, but was a little over-weighted by the big scene of the play, where Odette suddenly becomes the violent defender of her little sister. Mr. Arthur Lewis and Mr. Imbert deserve praise for excellent work in this quite enjoyable play.



Servant to the Shepherd (Mr. R. S. Hooper). Clown (Mr. G. W. A. Simpson).
Dorcas (Miss Ruth Jefferson). Autolycus (Mr. R. A. Powell). Mopsa (Miss Stella Garratt).
Shepherd (Mr. C. K. Allen). Polixenes (Mr. G. Howard).

THE O.U.D.S. PRODUCTION OF "THE WINTER'S TALE": AUTOLYCUS CRYING HIS WARES.

Photograph by Fuller and Osborne.

“ENGAGEMENT” RINGS : KNUCKLE - DUSTER JEWELLERY.
INGENIOUS WEAPONS FAVOURED BY APACHES.



1. FOR ENGAGEMENTS — WITH THE LAW-ABIDING CITIZEN: TWO KNUCKLE-DUSTER RINGS AND THE “THORN” PUNCH.
2. ALL USED AS WEAPONS — AND THREE OF THEM MADE FOR WOMEN: KNUCKLE-DUSTER RINGS FAVOURED BY APACHES.
3. A KNUCKLE-DUSTER DAGGER, THE BLADE OF WHICH FOLDS OVER THE BODY OF THE WEAPON.
4. THE “THORN” PUNCH IN USE.
5. A WOMAN’S HAND, WITH THREE KNUCKLE-DUSTER RINGS.
6. HOW THE ROSE RING IS USED.
7. A MAN’S HAND, WITH TWO KNUCKLE-DUSTER RINGS.

The harmless-looking rings shown on this page are, in the hands—or perhaps one should say, on the hands—of Apaches, very dangerous things. It is obvious that a blow given by the fist of a man wearing even one of such rings might be an exceedingly serious matter. The punch known as the “thorn,” and the knuckle-duster dagger are, obviously, even more formidable.—[Photographs by Ch. Delius.]

KEYNOTES

"THE Church is face to face with a dangerous form of competition," said the clergyman in the course of our conversation.

"And that is?" I queried.

"The Sunday concert," he replied. "Many people used to give their Sabbath mornings to Church and their afternoons to physical exercise. Now they cycle or play golf in the morning, and go to a concert in the afternoon or evening."

"Would you indict the concert agencies," I asked him, "or hold that the concerts are a danger to our social progress?"

"That would be going too far," he admitted. "The concert-hall is an elevating influence. My complaint, so far as I may fairly be said to have one, is that the Sunday is being secularised."

To turn to the list of concerts advertised in the daily papers week by week, on Saturday and Sunday, is to see that the charge is not altogether unfounded. Many people, bitterly conscious of their inability to be in two places at once, vote for the house of music in preference to the house of prayer; but I think my friend was wrong in assuming that all the people who go to the Albert Hall or Queen's Hall on Sunday afternoon would go to church if no concert-halls were available. The chances are that many would walk, cycle, or motor, or play golf or tennis in fine weather; and that when the weather was very bad they would stay at home, and possibly beguile the tedium of leisure hours with a game of cards. The effect of the Sunday concert has been to raise, rather than to lower, the tone of our national life.

We are apt to forget that while, to many, there can be music on any day in the seven, there is a very considerable portion of the populace by which the music that cannot be heard on Sunday cannot be heard at all. It is less a question of office hours than a question of mental exhaustion. Music, for its proper appreciation, demands a vast effort; he who has listened intelligently to a familiar symphony and has grasped all the means to an end has sacrificed a very appreciable measure of nerve-force. The triumph of musical comedy emphasises this truth. Men who have faced a strenuous day in the City, the Law Courts, or the Government offices cannot face further demands upon their brain; they understand, however vaguely, the need for husbanding their resources. So they go where the eye and the ear may be tickled and the quality of music and libretto alike forbid the possibility of mental exertion.

For the young man whose hills are still to climb, whose hours are only certain in the morning when the day's work begins, the situation is only slightly different. He feels that he can enjoy a concert best in the summer season when work is slack, and he may smoke in the considerable area of the Queen's Hall, or on the Sunday afternoon when a longer night's rest and a pleasant morning of leisure have repaired

the ravages of the week's work. Only with a clear head and the knowledge that time for the moment is his servant and not his master can he enjoy to the full the splendid gift that is offered on such advantageous terms. Sunday concerts have planted another oasis in the desert of London life; but if they draw a few young travellers who might have sought the older oasis of the Church, it may be contended that the result is not all loss to the community.

We have but to know the Continent a little to understand how late we are in arriving at our musical inheritance. The progress upon which we pride ourselves has been a *fait accompli* these many years from Madrid to Vienna. The Continent caters for

the needs of the less fortunate classes; there is hardly a city of any importance in which you shall not find cafés equipped with a good string orchestra. In these places the price of a seat is the price of a glass of beer or cup of coffee. Nobody asks how long you intend to remain with your refreshment before you, glancing over the columns of the halfpenny evening paper in the intervals of well-rendered music. If the season be summer, you take your leisure hour in the open air; at other times, in some ample hall. In this country a belief still lingers that such a proceeding savours of immorality; we take our music in some concert-hall, large or small, against which no charge of architectural beauty or moderate comfort could be sustained; in the interval we may find some indifferent refreshment at a cost that bears no relation to the quality; smoking, "that last infirmity of noble minds," is forbidden save at the promenades.

It is small wonder if the townsman, whose opportunities are so strangely curtailed, has to choose between religion and music when Sunday comes round, and chooses the latter. It was inevitable, and is not unreasonable. Given greater facilities for moderate recreation during the week, it might well be that many would satisfy their cravings for music after working hours without being brought face to face with a deliberate effort and a considerable outlay, and

the disposal of Sunday came round, "Mother Church would come in for her share." Many people think that we have enough music in London and other big cities already, but this idea is founded upon a comparison between England of twenty years ago and to-day; it does not take into consideration the larger problem that the Continent has solved so successfully.

It is probable that, in a few years, the café system will reach our shores, and will cater for those who have only a few pence to bring to the aid of an evening's entertainment. Then music will play its full part in our national life, without the suggestion of trespass; and if the Sunday concert still prevails over the Sunday service, it will be because music has succeeded in ministering to all the spiritual needs of which the concert-goer is conscious.

COMMON CHORD.



AN ACCOMPLISHED CLASSICAL DANCER: MISS MARGARET MORRIS AS A BACCHANTE IN "THE MASQUE OF COMUS."

Miss Morris, who appeared the other day at the Court in the Old English Masque Society's production of "The Masque of Comus," has been seen also at His Majesty's, in "The Blue Bird" at the Haymarket, and during Mme. Brema's season at the Savoy. She is not only an accomplished classical dancer, but a skilled organiser of dances.—[Photograph supplied by Bonap.]

A STRETCH — OF THE IMAGINATION.

FOR SALE



THE MOTHER: Whatever is the matter with baby?

NURSE: Dunno, Ma'am. I was only tryin' to make 'im smile with the glove-stretchers.

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.

WHAT'S UP - AT OXFORD

BY THE EDITOR OF THE "ISIS."

The Soccer Match. I am delighted to don sackcloth and ashes, or to sit upon the stool of repentance, or to perform whatever strange rites are apportioned to the false prophet. Our victory against Cambridge was all the better for

being a trifle unexpected by most of the soothsayers who make a good thing out of the athletic cravings of the multitude. Quite why the impression got about that we were going to be scored off at Queen's Club it is difficult to say; but the impression was there, and the impression has been happily dissipated; so that, with relief, we fling Cassandra's trappings on to the festive bonfire. The conditions for the game were cer-



HOW MR. HILAIRE BELLOC (APPARENTLY)
WOULD HAVE US LIVE!

Drawn by G. E. Dodds.

tainly ideal, and the inhabitants of this royal and ancient city were not slow to take advantage of them. Oxford turned out in very full force to watch the match, and the figureheads who grimly guard the Sheldonian through the ages must have pardonably thought that the vacation had prematurely arrived, until they were reassured once more by the sound of revelry by night. Owen, in goal, and Raikes did particularly good service, and from half-time Oxford clearly had the best of the game. But this must be stale and unprofitable comment by now, and the whole thing has been very much better done in the fervid columns of the daily papers; wherefore I retire to more serious and momentous topics.

"Divvers." At the moment, we are in the throes of a newspaper agitation against "Divvers." I should not like to suggest that this unfortunate examination has been seized upon with unholy delight by an editor in search of "copy"; for only last term the *Isis* itself raised its voice against Divinity Moderations, and, of course, the *Isis* would never stoop to such a theme from the mere vulgar craving to secure a little good "copy": perish the thought! At all events, and from whatever noble or journalistic rea-

sons, the *Varsity* has risen in its wrath and has declared, through the mouth of an anonymous correspondent, that it is high time to awake, and to consign "Divvers" to the dustbin. Gentlemen who



APROPOS OF THE RECENT "RAG" AT OXFORD: THE MOCK FUNERAL OF A RUSTICATED UNDERGRADUATE.

A junior member of one of the colleges was sent down the other day for a disciplinary offence. Thereupon, certain of his undergraduate sympathisers arranged a mock funeral. Our illustration does not show this particular rag, but is typical of such affairs. The scene shown took place at Cambridge a while ago.

Drawn by S. Begg; reproduced by permission of "The Illustrated London News."

facetiously sign themselves "Twice Ploughed" are pouring out their souls, week by week, to the sympathetic ear of the editor of that paper, and perhaps, now that the great heart of the people is aroused, something may be done about the matter. It is high time that something were done: "Divvers" is a crying anachronism (if anachronisms do cry) which ought certainly to be abolished. The crude method of instilling a knowledge of Holy Scripture into an unfortunate undergraduate by a ridiculous set of "catch" questions, and a soul-destroying "viva," is all of a piece with the paraphernalia of the thumbscrew and the stake, which we thought had gone to limbo long ago. Learning up the parables peculiar to St. Matthew like a set of algebraical formulae, and composing little rhymes wherewith to remember the journeyings of St. Paul—these are not the methods to endear the Scriptures to the youthful mind. It may be that, some fifty years hence, the question will dawn upon the minds of Congregation, and that, after a lapse of another half-century, it will slowly creep into a debate in Convocation. In the meantime, we are still being herded together as sheep for the slaughter, in order to fill the ever-greedy University coffers.

The A.I.S. We have had a feast of oratory since I last wrote. Last week the Union threw open its premises, to meet the demands of an assembly called together by the Association for the International Interchange of Students. (You can try saying that over quickly, six times running, if you want something to pass the time in the long winter evenings.) As the total audience numbered about sixty, it seemed a pity to have secured such a large place as the Debating Hall. People simply won't turn up to a meeting at the Union unless there is some prospect of hearing the sound of their own voice. The small attendance was the more to be regretted inasmuch



THE BOGEY OF "DIVVERS."

Drawn by G. E. Dodds.

as the speakers were of such distinction, including as they did Lord Strathcona, Sir Gilbert Parker, and Lord Brassey. And yet, with all these big guns on the paper, we could only muster just over sixty to come and listen to them. "Tis true 'tis pity; and pity 'tis true."

Oxonian Politics. Members of the New Tory Club turned up in force to hear the words of wisdom which fell from the lips of Lord Willoughby de Broke. Wretched Radicals who had been taken to the meeting by New Tory friends must have withered away. I have a dreadful picture in my mind's eye of Lord Willoughby spurring on the faithful to the annihilation of the enemy—for who does not remember the fierce speeches which the noble Lord delivered during the course of the Election? What dire schemes are being meditated against those of us who remain perverse no man knows: we are beginning to distrust our breakfast bacon, and to look under our beds o' nights for a hidden and dangerous member of the Confederates. And when Mr. F. E. Smith comes, at the end of term, I shudder to think what will be the fate of the Liberal party in Oxford. But I fear that we do not take our politics so seriously, when all is said and done. Liberals still play golf with Conservatives, in spite of Mr. Belloc; the sinister meals in which Radical and Tory devour cuts from the same joint, and actually join in conversation across the table, still continue, in spite of the scowls of Mr. Chesterton. In fact, we are probably as human up here as the sons of Adam are anywhere else; for which may the gods be thanked in all sincerity.

G. ELLIOTT DODDS.

THE LAMB LED TO THE SLAUGHTER.

FO
PAL

THE WALL-FLOWER.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

ALWAYS TRUMPS.*

HAD it occurred to J. F. Millet that it might be amusing to create a Watteau, all brocade and flirtation, between the devotions of his carefully uncouth peasants, it could hardly have been more of a surprise to his collectors than this Hals-like study of a gentleman of fortune and the Five Towns which Mr. Arnold Bennett gives to his readers as "The Card." That greyness, that squalor, that inevitable and depressing, though tenacious, likelihood of those former groups among the Potteries have been radiantly eclipsed by the romance and imaginative ingenuity and irresistible joy of life of pure farce. Nor must we miss one shade of pleasure in the portrait for some finicking notions born of a Quixotic honour. Colonel Newcome would not have approved of Denry Machin, but neither would he have approved of Falstaff, of Mr. Micawber, of César Birotteau, or of a dozen other dear figures who adorn our libraries and réjouice our hearts.

The Card's full baptismal name was Edward Henry; it was his mother, a widow woman, busy with jobbing needle-work and fancy washing, who saved time each day by calling him "Denry." They lived in Brougham Street, which sounds well, but was not so, and Denry won his first trick in life—a scholarship from his Board School to an endowed one—by the mere chance of a figure. Seeing by a paper on the desk of the empty schoolroom that he had gained 7 marks out of a possible 30, he ingeniously placed a 2 before the 7. And Mr. Bennett stands gallantly by his hero in this affair. "Of course, it was dishonest. Yes; but I will not agree that Denry was uncommonly vicious. Every schoolboy is dishonest by the adult standard. If I knew an honest schoolboy I would begin to count my

silver spoons as he grew up. All is fair between schoolboys and schoolmasters." And one is pretty sure to reflect more than once during Denry's career on the truth that there are some men who never grow up.

"Not intellectual, not industrious, Denry would have maintained the average dignity of labour on a polbank" but for that figure 2, which took him into the town clerk's office. Now, when the Countess of Chell wanted, as Mayoress, to be identified with all that was most serious in the social progress of the Five Towns, she gave a ball. There is a charming glimpse of the Countess of Chell, young and pretty, travelling, writing, acting, sketching from nature, "with not the slightest tendency to stoutness." As the town hall held only two hundred, and at least two thousand out of thirty-five thousand inhabitants counted, invitations were a delicate matter. The town clerk, who was a solicitor, acted for the Countess in this matter, and Denry's duty was to copy the lists. Denry received a lovely Bristol board stating in copper-plate that the Countess "desired," etc. Denry had no evening dress, and was earning but 18s. a week; his tailor likewise received one. Denry knew not a step of dancing, and the dancing-mistress of Bursley

received one also! All this is very well, or very ill, as people choose to consider it; but every right-minded person will first begin to love the Card then, when he crosses the ball-room to ask the Countess for the opening dance. A friend had lightly bet him a fiver that he would not. "'She can't eat me. She can't eat me.' This was what he said to himself as he crossed the floor. In the grand crisis of his life something not himself, something more powerful than himself, jumped up in him and forced him to do things." Stranded on a beach of timid aldermen, she yielded, "and he took the paradiseal creature in his arms. It was her business that evening to be universally and inclusively polite."

Out of this crisis that left him the partner, almost the intimate, of Countesses, Denry passed to others with similar results. Dismissed from his office, he set up for himself with a client torn from his employer. He was a man of injudicious but happy investments. An expensive engagement, which looked like ruin, ended in freedom and fortune. And so on through brilliant pages of daring and curious adventure.

Mrs. Machin is a fine relief of sombre tint behind this dazzling figure. She holds the harmony in her hard, work-worn hands like the black of a Whistlerian colour-scheme. Denry had buttoned his overcoat over the evening dress when she caught him departing for the historic ball. Years afterwards his cabs stopped at the corner of Brougham Street because, "though a ducal person, with gesture of command," he was frightened to bring a cab to his mother's door. His greatness fizzed into nothing in Brougham Street. He left it at the corner in his cabs. He could do nothing with his mother. But for lack of clients—who could scarcely employ a

woman at three shillings a day whose son "wallowed in thousands"—she would still be sewing and washing. Her removal from Brougham Street, considering the difficulty, was perhaps his finest achievement. And immediately it gives Mr. Bennett the opportunity to build a house, which he delights to do. Denry's mother and wife (and his wooing of her is in the vein of the real "card"), both understood him profoundly. But while Nellie's comprehension was a delightful, reassuring thing, his mother's was "in a manner sardonic, slightly malicious, and even hostile." Both were ridiculously proud of him.

Mr. Bennett's style is acquiring extraordinary significance. Nowhere is this truer than in the slight sketches which he allows himself at intervals of the story—that of Widow Hullins, for example, "who was one of those old women who seem to wear all the skirts of all their lives, one over the other"; or Penkethman, the ancient clerk, who could run up from bottom to top of a column of figures more quickly than the fire-engine could run up Oldcastle Street: "his gesture with a piece of blotting-paper as he blotted off a total was magnificent."

There remains so obvious a remark on this last card of Mr. Bennett's throwing that *The Sketch* may not remark it. But it contains highest praise.

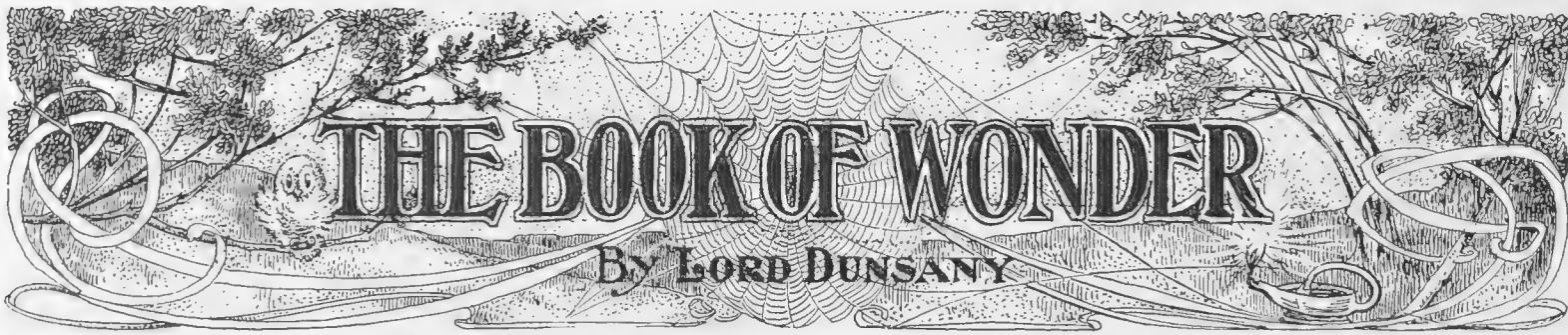
TWIN POWERS!

FOR SALE



THE MASTERS OF THE HOUSE.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



EPISODE XI.—THE CORONATION OF MR. THOMAS SHAP.

(See Illustration by S. H. Sime on Facing Page.)

IT was the occupation of Mr. Thomas Shap to persuade customers that the goods were genuine and of an excellent quality, and that, as regards the price, their unspoken will was consulted. And in order to carry on this occupation, he went by train very early every morning some few miles nearer to the City from the suburb in which he slept. This was the use to which he put his life.

From the moment when he first perceived (not as one reads a thing in a book, but as truths are revealed to one's instinct) the very beastliness of his occupation, and of the house that he slept in, its shape, make, and pretensions; from that moment he withdrew his dreams from it, his fancies, his ambitions—everything, in fact, except that ponderable Mr. Shap that, dressed in a frock-coat, bought tickets and handled money, and could in turn be handled by the statistician. The priest's share in Mr. Shap, the share of the poet, never caught the early train to the City at all.

He used to take little flights with his fancy at first, dwelt all day in his dreamy way on fields and rivers lying in the sunlight where it strikes the world more brilliantly further South. And then he began to imagine butterflies there; after that, silken people and the temples they built to their gods.

They noticed that he was silent, and even absent at times, but they found no fault with his behaviour with customers, to whom he remained as plausible as of old. So he dreamed for a year, and his fancy gained strength as he dreamed. He still read halfpenny papers in the train, still discussed the passing day's ephemeral topic, still voted at elections, though he no longer did these things with the whole Shap—his soul was no longer in them.

He had had a pleasant year, his imagination was all new to him still, and it had often discovered beautiful things away where it went, South-East at the edge of the twilight. And he had a matter-of-fact and logical mind, so that he often said, "Why should I pay my twopence at the electric theatre when I can see all sorts of things quite easily without?" Whatever he did was logical before anything else, and those that knew him always spoke of Shap as "a sound, sane, level-headed man."

On far the most important day of his life he went, as usual, to town by the early train to sell plausible articles, while the spiritual Shap roamed off to fanciful lands. As he walked from the station, dreamy but wide awake, it suddenly struck him that the real Shap was not the one walking to Business in black and ugly clothes, but he who roamed along a jungle's edge near the ramparts of an old and Eastern city that rose up sheer from the sand, and against which the desert lapped with one eternal wave. He used to fancy the name of that city was Larkar. "After all, the fancy is as real as the body," he said, with perfect logic. It was a dangerous theory.

For that other life that he led he realised, as in Business, the importance and value of method. He did not let his fancy roam too far until it perfectly knew its first surroundings. Particularly he avoided the jungle; he was not afraid to meet a tiger there (after all, it was not real), but stranger things might crouch there. Slowly he built up Larkar—rampart by rampart, towers for archers, gateway of brass, and all. And then one day he argued, and quite rightly, that all the silk-clad people in its streets, their camels, their wares that came from Inkustahn, the city itself, were all the things of his will—and then he made himself King. He smiled after that when people did not raise their hats to him in the street as he walked from the station to Business.

Now that he was King in the city of Larkar and in all the desert that lay to the east and north, he sent his fancy to wander further afield. He took the regiments of his camel-guard and went jingling out of Larkar, with little silver bells under the camels' chins, and came to other cities far off on the yellow sand; with clear white walls and towers, uplifting themselves in the sun. Through their gates he passed with his three silken regiments. When he had gone through the streets of any city and observed the ways of its people, and had seen the way that the sunlight struck its towers, he would proclaim himself King there, and then ride on in fancy. So he passed from city to city and from land to land.

Clear-sighted though Mr. Shap was, I think he overlooked the lust of aggrandisement to which kings have so often been victims: and so it was that when the first few cities had opened their gleaming gates and he saw peoples prostrate before his camel and spearmen, cheering along countless balconies, and

priests come out to do him reverence, he that had never had even the lowliest authority in the familiar world became unwisely insatiate. He let his fancy ride at inordinate speed, he forsook method, scarce was he king of a land but he yearned to extend his borders; so he journeyed deeper and deeper into the wholly unknown. The concentration that he gave to this inordinate progress through countries of which history is ignorant, and cities so fantastic in their bulwarks that, though their inhabitants were human, yet the foe that they feared seemed something less or more; the amazement with which he beheld gates and towers unknown even to art, and furtive people thronging intricate ways to acclaim him as their sovereign—all these things began to affect his capacity for Business. He knew as well as any that his fancy could not rule these beautiful lands unless that other Shap, however unimportant, were well sheltered and fed; and shelter and food meant money, and money Business. His was more like the mistake of some gambler with cunning schemes who overlooks human greed.

One day his fancy, riding in the morning, came to a city gorgeous as the sunrise, in whose opalescent wall were gates of gold so huge that a river poured between the bars, floating in, when the gates were opened, large galleons under sail. Thence there came dancing out a company with instruments and made a melody all round the wall; that morning Mr. Shap, the bodily Shap in London, forgot the train to town.

Until a year ago he had never imagined at all; it is not to be wondered at that all these things now newly seen by his fancy should play tricks at first with the memory of even so sane a man. He gave up reading the papers altogether, he lost all interest in politics, he cared less and less for things that were going on around him. This unfortunate missing of the morning train even occurred again, and the firm spoke to him severely about it. But he had his consolation. Were not Arathrion and Argun Zeerith and all the level coasts of Oora his? And even as the firm found fault with him his fancy watched the yaks on weary journeys, slow specks against the snow-fields, bringing tribute; and saw the green eyes of the mountain men who had looked at him strangely in the city of Nith when he had entered it by the desert door. Yet his logic did not forsake him; he knew well that his strange subjects did not exist, but he was prouder of having created them with his brain than merely of ruling them only. Then in his pride he felt himself something more great than a king—he did not dare to think what! He went into the temple of the city of Zorra, and stood some time there alone; all the priests kneeled to him when he came away.

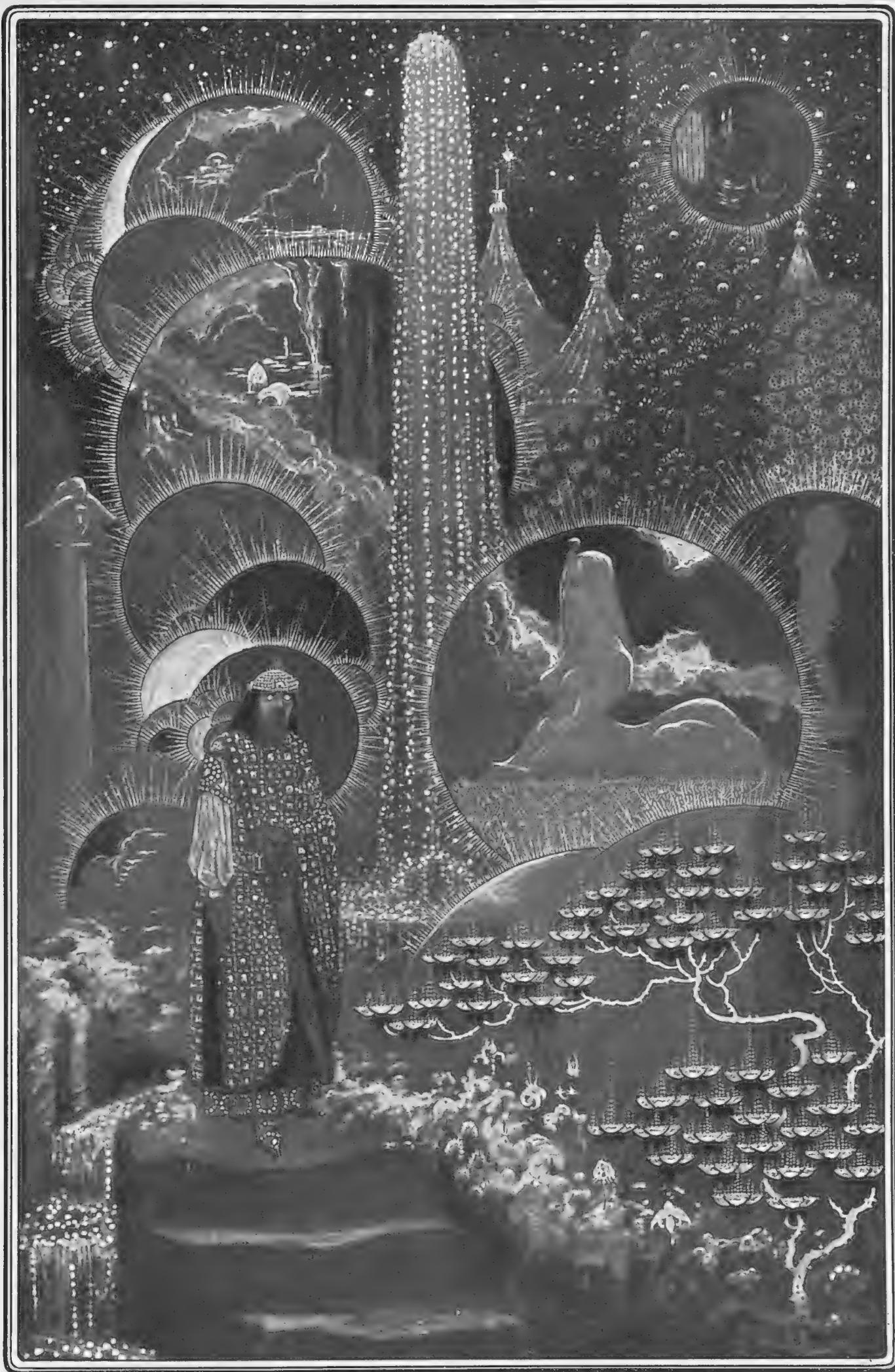
He cared less and less for the things we care about, for the affairs of Shap, a business man in London; he began to despise the man with a royal contempt.

One day, when he sat in Sowla, the city of the Thuls, throned on one amethyst, he decided, and it was proclaimed on the moment by silver trumpets all along the land, that he would be crowned as King over all the lands of Wonder. By that old temple where the Thuls were worshipped, year in, year out, for over a thousand years, they pitched pavilions in the open-air. The trees that blew there threw out radiant scents unknown in any countries that know the map; the stars blazed fiercely for that famous occasion. A fountain hurled up, clattering ceaselessly into the air, armfuls on armfuls of diamonds; a deep hush waited for the golden trumpets—the holy coronation night was come. At the top of those old, worn steps, going down we know not whither, stood the King in the emerald and amethyst cloak, the ancient garb of the Thuls; beside him lay that Sphinx that for the last few weeks had advised him in his affairs. Slowly with music, when the trumpets sounded, came up towards him, from we know not where, a hundred and twenty archbishops, twenty angels, and two archangels; with that terrific crown the diadem of the Thuls. They knew as they came up to him that promotion awaited them all because of this night's work. Silent, majestic, the king awaited them.

The doctors downstairs were sitting over their supper, the warders softly slipped from room to room, and when in that cosy dormitory of Hanwell they saw the King still standing erect and royal, his face resolute, they came up to him and addressed him: "Go to bed," they said; "pretty bed." So he lay down and soon was fast asleep; the great day was over.

THE END.

THE BOOK OF WONDER: BY LORD DUNSANY AND S. H. SIME.

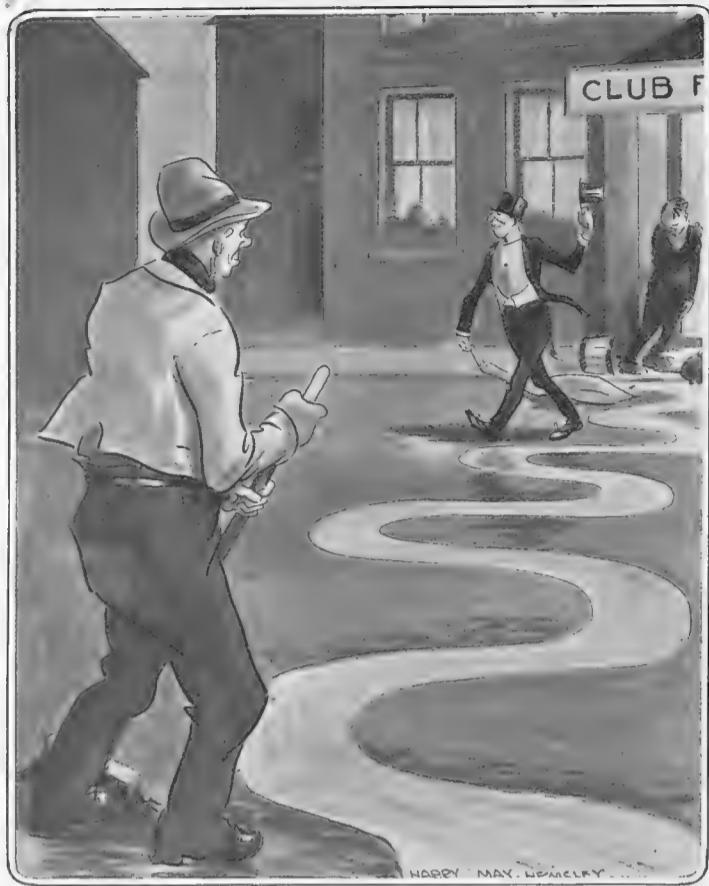


EPISODE XI.—“THE CORONATION OF MR. THOMAS SHAP.”

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After the Drawing by S. H. Sime. (For Lord Dunsany's Story, see Facing Page.)

A TRIO.



CROSSING-SWEEPING AS A FINE ART: THE ZIGZAG WAY
FOR THE WEARY WANDERER.

DRAWN BY H. M. HEMSLY.



THE LAD: If you're going to smile like that, with all them false teeth in your head, Missus, you'll be wanting a substitute ter-morrow.

DRAWN BY HEBBLETHWAITE.



THE NOVICE AT THE RIFLE RANGE (*after a misfire*): Look! Look! I am pulling the trigger and nothing happens.

DRAWN BY J. F. WOOLRICH.

NOT SEEN AT THE CHELSEA ARTS': COSTUMES — FANCY!



1. SUGGESTIVE OF A JACK-IN-THE-GREEN IN A SARACEN HELMET: A CHIEF IN THE OLD CEREMONIAL COSTUME OF THE JUJU.

4. BERRY BEAUTIFUL: EXTRAORDINARY HAIR-DRESSES OF FRUIT.

2. REGARD THE NUT: A HALF-COCOANUT AS A "TOQUE," WORN BY AN INDIAN BEGGAR WOMAN IN MEXICO.

5. WITH FACES MASKED, AND MUCH HUNG WITH ORNAMENTS: BEDOUIN WOMEN.

3. SUGGESTIVE OF A JACK-IN-THE-GREEN IN A SARACEN HELMET: A CHIEF IN THE OLD CEREMONIAL COSTUME OF THE JUJU.

6. WEARER OF A BEAUTIFUL AND ELABORATE HEAD-DRESS: A TEHUANA WOMAN.

We offer these costumes in ample time as suggestions for those who would attend the next Chelsea Arts Club Ball in really novel dress. Most of the photographs explain themselves. Of No. 5 we have received the following additional details: There can hardly be poorer people on earth than the Bedouins who get a scanty living out of the few streaks and patches of vegetation between the barren mountains of the Sinai Peninsula. Bible-readers will remember that the Israelites of long ago came near starvation in that very region. These Bedouin women were recently photographed at a camp at the foot of Sinai. Their clothes are made of woollen stuff woven by themselves from the wool of their sheep. They would never have a satisfying meal from one year's end to another but for the kindness of the monks at the St. Catherine Convent, and an occasional traveller. Yet somehow they gradually accumulate these silver coins and strings of gay-coloured beads. The silver chains are of Bedouin make, transformed from stray coins. It required an inducement of several extra coins to persuade them to be photographed without pulling the cloth mantles over their already masked faces. All the same, like wearers of jewellery everywhere, they do like to have it admired.—[Photographs by Underwood and Underwood, A. W. Cutler, Topical, and L. N. A.]



BY HENRY LEACH.

The Bye-Bye-Bye. One day lately, a man disturbed a very pleasant tea-party that we were enjoying after rounds—the chief feature of the prevailing conversation being the special dodges that each of us had for driving the tremendously long balls that we did drive sometimes—by bursting upon us excitedly with the information that he had won his match, the bye, the bye-bye, and the bye-bye-bye. He had, incidentally, won five shillings on the long match, half-a-crown on the second stage of the proceedings, a shilling on the third, and sixpence on the wee bye-bye-bye—total, nine shillings. The tea-party, plus the wretched victim, signed a certificate for the hero to keep for ever and hand down to posterity, all men knowing by those presents that on that stated day the hero named had performed the whole gamut of the byes successfully. This is a feat of golf that is very little understood; and it is unfortunate that that is so, because it represents one of the very best and most legitimate feats, and is distinctly a thing for a golfer to remember with pride for all his days afterwards, and for him to explain to his grandchildren when they are old enough to understand. It is a far finer thing than holing in one, and in many respects it is better than winning a prize in a competition or even breaking the record of a course. A man needs to be in his very best form and to be quite a master of the art of match play, and he needs also to be possessed of a very fine, stern strength of mind—something of the Napoleonic kind in its unscrupulousness—by which he makes for his goal entirely indifferent to the sufferings and losses of others that are the consequence of his ambition. As the enemy in these cases is sometimes inclined to be a little disturbed in temper and not to be desirous of going the full length of the eighteen holes, the hero needs also special qualities of tact.

What Has to be Done. Now let us explain what has to be done to win the match, and the full complement of three byes of gradually diminishing length; because there is certainly not one golfer in a thousand who knows. If you ask any man what he would have to do to win the match and all the little matches possible afterwards, it is ten to one that he would say he would have to win every hole, which would be wrong; in fact, it is the beauty of this performance that it does allow of a very slight discount from absolute perfection for minor and unavoidable accidents. A feat which demands actual spotless perfection never seems quite such a good thing, somehow, as one that is not quite so good. This is pseudo-Irish, of course; but the meaning is that the real perfection is not quite human, and happens so seldom as to be not considered among ordinary possibilities; while, again, there is often some difficulty in making people believe it was done.

Allow a little for flesh and blood and human error, and it is all right. Now reckon out this match and bye business. To do the most possible in the way of beating an opponent in one round you may lose one hole only in that round, and may halve another, but the

loss and the halving must both be done somewhere in the first eleven holes. All the other holes in the first eleven and all of the last seven must be won. The exceptions and the stipulation concerning them may be a little puzzling until it is worked out from the beginning, when it is found that there cannot possibly be more than three successive byes—that is, the bye, the bye-bye, and the bye-bye-bye.

The Hero's Winning Sequence. If the hero wins his match in that dashing fashion, which is sometimes displayed once in a lifetime and is always remembered, by taking the first ten holes and so winning ten and eight, then he could but win the bye at five and three, the bye-bye at two and one, and the bye-bye-bye, to finish with, by the one remaining hole. You will then perceive that he could have done all this to just the same effect if he had only won the long match by eight and seven, which would have allowed of three halves, or a lost hole and two halves up to that point, for he could then have won the bye by four and three, and proceeded from there as in the former case. It would be interesting to know how many men there are alive who in fair match play and not as the result of a put-up job have ever done this thing. Far fewer, I

should imagine, than those who have holed in one. Many men have won a match ten and eight; but it often stops at that point, the loser having had enough of it, and feeling that his lunch or his tea, as the case may be, would do him a power of good; while the hero is quite glad to have an opportunity of mentioning what has taken place to somebody else, so the byes are not played. Of course, if they were, it does not by any means follow that the hero would continue his winning sequence. The man who paid for our teas, cigars, a few other things, the cab to the station, and a taxi to the club for dinner at the town end ought to be remembered by his golfing posterity for his match and his unique collection of byes. It would be interesting if we had something like a complete collection of some of the most wonderful runs of success in golf, both at match and medal play; but unless such things take place in open competitions when the reporters are there they are seldom recorded. I was playing at Troon two or three years back when I was told that a very good player staying there golfed for two full days without losing a hole, but, of course, he halved a good many. One of the most wonderful things that are recorded was F. G. Tait's winning twenty-one matches and halving two, with no defeats, prior to competing in and winning the amateur championship in 1896. Then he won six more matches in that tournament. His first defeat after April 14 in that year came in his very next match after winning the championship, on May 23, when he plaintively described himself in his match book as "the golfed-out champion." In many of the matches played in that great five weeks he was giving heavy odds and playing the best balls of good men, and he was eight up with seven to play in the last match of the series, the championship final.



ON THE GREEN; INSTEAD OF ON THE BLACK—
QUESTION: LORD GLADSTONE PLAYING GOLF WITH
LADY GLADSTONE.

The photograph shows Lord and Lady Gladstone on the occasion of their opening the new club house at Orange Grove, Johannesburg. Lady Gladstone is seen playing a mashie shot.



GOLF DURING THE "WAITS": MR. GEORGE GRAVES (AS MRS. HALLEYBUT)
PUTTING BEHIND THE SCENES DURING DRURY LANE PANTOMIME.

A number of the actors playing in "Jack and the Beanstalk," at Drury Lane, have discovered that indoor golf makes an excellent game, and are playing it in a dressing-room during "waits."—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.]

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

Why Not Expedient?

From a letter which appeared in the motor journals last week from the trenchant pen of Mr. S. F. Edge, it would appear that the trade members of the Conference on Motor Taxation were in favour of unit classification, in lieu of the system of hops, skips, and jumps which obtains at present. But, for some dark and occult reasons unstated, they were induced to abandon their views

Why is it that a measure of mystery more or less profound invariably accompanies any ukase issuing from the Royal Automobile Club?

reasons for the impositions of speed-limits, to communicate with the various Councils with a view to obtain the removal of these limits, now rendered unnecessary.

His Majesty Misrepresented.

Rumour hath ever a lying tongue, but it would be interesting to learn who set it wagging in the matter of his Majesty's alleged disapproval of the proposed three-inch race in the Isle of Man. I am informed that the deputation from Douglas went back to their native Man under the impression that this was at the bottom of the Club's reluctance to grant them a permit. And then they did what was really quite a cheeky thing, but which set the matter in its true light once and for all. These very downright people, who boil their own political pot, just sat down and wired a question to Sir Arthur Bigge as to whether his Majesty did or did not look with disfavour upon the proposed race. And back came a reply to the effect that that was the first Sir Arthur, the King's private secretary, had ever heard of the race, and that his Majesty was not even aware of its having been proposed. Now what was at the bottom of the rumour which left such an impression on the Douglas deputation? Who set it afloat, and why? It was also reported that the Highway Board had refused the use of the roads for the race; but later

advices are to the effect that no decision has been arrived at, and that all may yet be well.

Cheaper to Over- Tyre.

There is no getting away from the fact that, in order to keep their chassis prices as low as possible, motor-car manufacturers quote them with tyres that are certainly too small. Now under-tyring is very false economy, for while a car with tyres five or ten millimetres bigger on transverse diameter than standard will run through a season with little or no tyre troubles, rapid wear and bursts are likely to occur with the smaller sizes. If the car is listed with 90 mm. tyres, it would be wise on the part of the purchaser to order the next larger size (100 mm.), for in the case of Continentals, the 90 mm. rims will take these quite comfortably. And the time is



A SWIFT CRAFT FOR THE SPORTSMAN: A MOTOR-BOAT FOR DUCK-SHOOTING, SHOWING THE LONG GUN.
Photograph by Topical Press.

for the time, because of the representations of those who were supposed to represent the taxpayers themselves. The only reason assigned for failing to move in condemnation of the present system is "that it is not expedient to press the demand for unit classification"; and we remember, to our sorrow, that the automobile world was put off with some similar shibboleth when it was proposed to agitate against the original scheme in the beginning. We were told that we had friends at court, that those inside were looking after our interests; and now we know, to the lightening of our pockets, how those interests were protected.

Too Much Arithmetic.

It is suggested, I know not with what truth, that no recommendation for a revision of the taxation scheme must go forth, because it might annoy the Treasury, as a unit scheme would give them more work. The well-paid Government clerks would be asked to do a little more for their money, and that must not be. Motorists, who pay some of the taxes from which these gentlemen's salaries are drawn, must languish under crude, oppressive, and, in the moiety of cases, unjust imposts, for fear that these paid servants of the public may have a few more sums in multiplication and division to do between ten and four. If this is true, if this is the real undivulgible reason for the final resolutions of the conference, then it is about the poorest and most weak-kneed justification that could be advanced for such a course. I am quite in accord with a contemporary in its satisfaction that the trade has been shown by Mr. Edge not to have been ready to sacrifice the interests of the users to its own ends.

A Watching Brief for Automobilism. Undeterred by the defeat of the Bradford Corporation, the Harrogate édiles are concerned in the promotion of a Bill which seeks yet further to deplete the purse of the motorist in the matter of an extra or special rate for water used in washing private cars. But the eagle eye of the legal department of the Royal Automobile Club has espied the little clause, and, in view of the successful opposition to similar nefarious proposals last year, is at the moment in negotiation with the Parliamentary Agents for the Bill, in the hope that a satisfactory arrangement will be arrived at in the case of Harrogate without lodging a petition. Indeed, the legal department of the R.A.C. is doing quite a lot of good work just now, for it has seized the opportunity of the issue of the Road Board grants in respect to the easing and widening of certain dangerous corners, the alleged perils of which were the chief

taxation scheme must go forth, because it might



STANDARD BREAD! SIR OSWALD MOSLEY, Bt., PIONEER OF THE MOVEMENT, AND HIS NAPIER. Sir Oswald Mosley, to whom the boom in Standard Bread owes its beginning, is the fourth baronet of a creation dating from 1781. As our photograph shows, he is the typical John Bull in appearance.

Photograph by C. J. L. Clarke.

opportunity for doing this, as since the fall in rubber the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company are selling 100 mm. tyres at a lower figure than that previously charged for 90 mm. tyres. This also applies to the 125 mm. as compared with 120 mm., and motorists will be wise to take advantage of this fact. Over-tyring is greatly to be recommended; it means lower pressures, greater comfort, and less wear-and-tear to both tyres and mechanism.

(Continued on a later page.)

CRACKS OF THE WHIP

BY CAPTAIN COE.

Futures. The market over the Lincoln Handicap has been very weak. I think it may be taken for granted that no owners' commissions have been worked up to now. Helot has been nibbled at by the little punters; but I doubt if Mr. Sievier has risked any of his money on the horse as yet. Helot is very fast, and the book shows that he is not overweighted if he can stay the Lincoln mile. Spanish Prince has been inquired about, and the rumour goes that Maher may have the mount. This horse is very fast. Mr. Stedall has two to choose from, and My Collar is the best backed; but I should not be surprised to see Vigilance supported at the eleventh hour, as on some of his form he has a great chance. Dalnacrag is a tip at Newmarket, so is Louvigny—both good performers, by-the-bye. I cannot fathom Robinson's lot; Cinderello is none too sound—a remark that equally applies to Cocksure II. Of course, Diamond Stud, on the book, has a good chance, but he is such a rogue, and I dare not recommend him. Probably Chanteur, ridden by Plant, will be the pick of this stable, but I do not fancy him. The Grand National will prove to be a real battle of the giants. Jerry M. is all right again, and so long as he keeps well he is bound



WIFE OF THE MASTER OF THE BELVOIR :
LADY GREENALL, WIFE OF SIR GILBERT
GREENALL, B.T.
Photograph by C.N.

impression last season of being one of the improving sort. He is certain to pay his way. M. E. Blanc has a useful Derby candidate in Lord Burgoine, who is well bred, and is wintering well. Lord Derby will, I take it, be represented by Stedfast, a very useful colt. It is said that Lord Falmouth's Quebec will turn out to be the pick of the Kingsclere horses engaged. Lord Rosebery could scarcely expect to win the race with Sallust; but Colonel Hall Walker may find something dangerous from among his five. I notice that Mr. R. Mills has Romeo left in. This horse was highly tried, but sadly disappointed as a two-year-old; he may do better after a winter's rest. He is in good work at Weyhill, and I should not be surprised to see him win one or two good races as a three-year-old.

National Hunt

Running.

We have evidence every week of the determination of stewards acting at meetings held under National Hunt rules to investigate anything that strikes them as being a breach of the rules. Up till very recently the state of things existing under the winter code was, to say the least, alarming. In-and-out running was very prevalent; but now, if there is the least shade of a suspicion, the stewards call for an



Captain Bigson.



Mr. W. R. Court.

THE NEW JOINT MASTERS OF THE CHESHIRE : CAPTAIN BIGSON AND MR. W. R. COURT.

Photographs by C.N.

to occupy pride of place in the quotations. Judas is a horse that appeals to the military section of racegoers, and if his owner rode him to victory there would be great rejoicings in Aldershot and in Ireland. Rory O'Moore I like better than Lord Rivers of Whitaker's pair. Mr. Hastings has a useful 'chaser in Rathvale, and I think Odor is very likely to get placed again. Glenside, the one-eyed horse, has run well over this course; he is slow but sure, and if Mason has the mount he will have a big following. Of the French lot I like Lutteur III. best, and Jenkinstown may be the pick of Coulthwaite's team.

The Derby. There have been several wild rumours afloat respecting Pietri, who is the winter favourite for the Derby. One correspondent went as far as to assert that the colt was touched in the wind, while another guesser said Pietri had developed a temper of the Neil Gow order. My Newmarket man says the youngster has wintered well; and he is very likely to develop into one of the best three-year-olds in training. Pietri, it should be noted, always was shy at the gate, but I believe he has improved in that respect, and by the time the Derby is run he may be a perfect starter. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild has a good second string in St. Anton, who is not far behind his stable companion. He gave one the

explanation. However, it cannot be denied that the majority of the winners under National Hunt rules are backed away from the course, and many stay-at-home bookmakers have decided to bar starting-price jobs when they are able to discover them. It is a marvellous fact that these jobs are often perpetrated by amateurs who are supposed to own horses and run them for sport's sake, but who do nothing of the sort. They bide their time, until their horses are supposed to be favourably handicapped. Then they arrange for a big starting-price coup to be perpetrated, and as often as not the result of the race gives students of book form a nasty shaking. If the powers that be take any notice of betting, I would suggest that no owner be allowed to back his horse away from the course; but the National Hunt stewards would not legislate in a matter so difficult. Often we find a winner returned at 100 to 8, which the result of the race proves should have been a 4 to 1 chance, and which would have started at that price or less if the money invested by the stable had been put on on the course. The sport would gain a lot if all the betting by owners, at any rate, were done at the post, while the little punters, who pay regular admission fees, would benefit greatly by the proposed change.



JUST RESIGNED FROM THE MASTERSHIP OF THE
TIPPERARY FOXHOUNDS : MR. T. BOUCH.
Photograph by Poole.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

WOMAN'S WAYS

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Swinging the Censer.

Every super-man—or, for the matter of that, every super-woman—expects a small but faithful band of worshippers, enthusiasts who will keep the torch of his fame alight, or, if this service is performed by the hero himself, will at least stand in a devout circle, obscuring him from a hostile outer world, and wreathing him in the odours of their swinging censers. But curiously enough, it is usually the great man—it matters not if he be a St. Paul or a Ferdinand Lassalle—who attracts a feminine crowd rather than the celebrated woman a masculine one. For women, like Jews, worship success, and for probably the same reasons. Georges Brandes, in his Life of Ferdinand Lassalle, describes that brilliant Revolutionary in Berlin surrounded by "the usual remarkable ring of female forms which invariably surrounds genius, and becomes a small and exclusive world of strangely composed elements." The man of genius thrives on this feminine worship: he never sees any absurdity in it. Great personal beauty, world-wide power, or extraordinary charm are exacted if a woman of equal ability demands a band of acolytes. She will not be served with incense on her genius alone. Elizabeth of England, Catherine of Russia, and, characteristically enough, La Pompadour of France, all had their circle of worshippers; but it was their power for statecraft which gave these celebrated women their influence. Man has no such abstract admiration for personality as is possessed by woman.

The Ridiculous Immortals.

In spite of the action of the "backwoods-men" of the French Academy, that greatest of living discoverers, Mme. Curie, has already been elected to a phantom chair among the scientists by public opinion, and the Immortal Forty are only making themselves ridiculous by barring this wonderful physicist for the primitive reason of her sex. And, above all, no inauguration of "Academies for Women" should be permitted or encouraged. Those who have the interests of real progress at heart want the barriers of sex demolished, not strengthened. To put the co-discoverer of radium in an institution which would include amiable philanthropic duchesses, successful writers of ephemeral fiction, and actresses and painters who know how to pull the ropes of influence would be supremely grotesque. The woman who, spending laborious days, makes an epoch-making scientific discovery must have the highest recognition her country has to give; and no shuffling in the way of an "Academy for Women" ought to satisfy her. Happily for Mme. Curie, these formal recognitions mean little. Such records as that of this modest little Polish lady are written in blazing letters on the scroll of Fame, and her name will ring in history when the whole of the present "Immortal Forty" are consumed in oblivion. The revenges of Time are curious, but sure; and Mme. Curie wants no "Academy for Women" to make her position final.



FOR THE RIVIERA: A COSTUME IN HEAVY TUSSORE, WITH THE NEW BOLERO.

The collar and cuffs are faced with deep bottle-green velvet, softened by the application of Irish lace. The hat is of green tagal and is trimmed with a beige-coloured mount.

Brocken-like witchery of "effects" on the Thames. Nor can it be truly said that the modern Briton, man or woman, is conspicuous for self-repression. Our ever-changing manias and fashions, our curious love of advertisement and publicity, are not characteristic of the stern and silent Englishman so dear to fiction.

Are White Skins Attractive?

The usual alarming and pessimistic Professor has been explaining in the *Contemporary* that the white race is probably doomed to disappear, because the coloured man, black, yellow, or brown, can live in north or south, east or west, in tropic suns or arctic cold, while the white-skinned man or woman is a delicate plant, requiring a particular latitude in which to flourish at their best and to reproduce successfully their kind. Our alarmist declares that Europeans settling within the tropics must wear coal-black underclothing, covered by garments of pure white, and that they must never go out of doors without being bespectacled and closely veiled—a prospect which is certainly not alluring to intending settlers on India's coral strand. But not all Europeans are "white," and some Italians and Greeks are quite as bronzed as the most Eastern of races. Lafcadio Hearn, who was half Greek, admired "coloured" skins more than white ones—a taste which landed him in some disagreeable experiences during his sojourn in the United States. After he had been some months alone in the West Indies without seeing a white man, he was startled and a little frightened on meeting a European. Savages are said to be terrified at white faces, and Lafcadio Hearn records the sinister impression they produce after months of absence. After all, ideas of personal beauty are relative, and vary with the latitude. The Japanese think the eyes of Western people so large as to be grotesque and disfiguring, while we think the slit and jewel-like eye of the Asiatic quaint but not pretty. Perhaps in the course of the æons some mixed creature will be produced who will be able to battle with the eccentricities of this earth's climates.

The Optimistic Londoner.

Quite recently we English have been blamed for our want of enthusiasm about London, our silly depreciation of our climate, our foolish habit of self-repression. Now, all these charges might have been brought against us fifteen, or even ten, years ago; but to-day, at the beginning of a strenuous, optimistic reign, they sound singularly old-fashioned. I think the Londoner loves his London with a fervour of appreciation which is not to be matched by the inhabitant of any other capital. He seldom, to be sure, displays his passion, any more than he parades to the vulgar his affection for the lady of his choice; but the way in which he invariably mentions the capital as "Town" is a measure of his interest, for it implies that there is no other town to be mentioned in the same breath. As to our climate, we certainly enjoy it and profit by it, more than our foreign neighbours do, all except the French artist, who hastens over here at the first onset of foggy weather to record on canvas the



Queening it in
Sarawak.

The Hon. Mrs. Charles Brooke, Ranee Muda of Sarawak, will have a regal time of it when, with her husband, she visits that tropical territory. He administers the government in his father's absence. As the Rajah is nearly eighty-two, hale and hearty as he looked at his son's wedding last week, the cares of administration will fall more heavily on his son. A dainty little Ranee Muda is the bride; she has written poems and books. Being clever and imaginative, she will greatly enjoy all her new experiences. The concession of Sarawak—which has 600,000 inhabitants of varied races and a four-hundred-mile sea-board—to the present Rajah's uncle, in 1842, by the Sultan of Borneo, with many concessions since, and of recent years several purchases of important rivers, renders the Rajah's position one of power; while if he were to be bought out of his territory, it would be for not less than a million sterling, it is roughly estimated. Therefore, as worldly ways go, Viscount Esher's younger daughter has married very well. The only thing Eastern about the Rajah is his title. He and his wife and sons are typically English: so was his uncle.

The First of the Barons. Lady de Ros is the premier Baroness of England; she is unlikely, however, to claim the privileges of that position at the Coronation. She is the wife of one of the Earl of Dartrey's brothers, and lives very quietly at Old Court, on the shores of Strangford Lough, where King Edward visited her father and stepmother, crossing the ferry on a very stormy day from the Port-a-Ferry side, where he was the guest of Lord and Lady Londonderry, to make the visit. Lady de Ros' grandmother, a daughter of the fourth Duke of Richmond, danced with the Iron Duke at the ball at Brussels, the night before Waterloo. The late Lord de Ros was Equerry to the Prince Consort and also to Queen Victoria. The premier Baron of Ireland—both baronies date from the troublous times of King John—Lord Kingsale, lives in England. He has the doubtful privilege of remaining covered in the presence of the Sovereign. This dates from the reign of King John, and was claimed and allowed in the reign of William III.; subsequently it was claimed in the reign of George III. and allowed.

Queen Rose. The rose is the queen of flowers, and is the Queen's favourite flower. It will be the floral emblem of Coronation year, and is being more extensively and carefully grown than ever; while it is also being most beautifully simulated in softest satins, in chiffons, and in muslins and crêpe - de - Chine. There will be a run on roses this year, and every effort is being made to meet it. The Queen is not fond of wearing flowers, as she thinks it unkind to them; but she dearly loves them, and has them always about her. The Victorian fashion of carrying bouquets on festive occasions, such as weddings, is quite likely to come into vogue again. They will not be the tightly packed little bouquets with a lace-edged border, set in a silver bouquet-holder, that are familiar to the memory of grandmothers of to-day. The holder is, I am told, to be revived, but in enamel, as metal soils delicate gloves. They will be so constructed as to carry a few loosely put-together flowers, and will keep damp cotton-wool round their stems. This will be better than fastening flowers into dresses, which creases and sometimes damps a pretty bodice, and also spoils the lines of the figure.

Re-enter Old-World Colours. This year we shall see bright colours once again. The days of dull and undecided hues have lasted long. There is nothing to be said against them; they prove kind to complexions, and they are amiable and mellow, and blend well. However, this year the old blues and pinks, mauves and yellows, greens and reds are coming into their own again. The Queen's pet hues are blue—real blue, as blue as a forget-me-not—and pink, as true and soft as that of a monthly rose. The minor

key in colour is to be resolved into the major; chromatic colourings are to be abandoned for clear issues and clever combinations, forming glorious chords. Now will be the chance for colourists: the treatment of shades chromatically was an easy matter; dealing with contrasts is a different thing. The softening veil will, of course, be used, but the grand themes will be contrasts, not chromatics.

A Grand House. Devonshire House, if it be not as spacious inside as some of the newer London mansions (it certainly cannot boast the magnificent ground-floor space of Lansdowne House, or the grand stairway, entrance-hall, and reception-rooms of Stafford House, both old and both of noble proportions), has the tradition of great entertaining, one which will be kept up by the present Duke and Duchess. The Derby Night dinner for the Queen, followed by a dance at which the King was present, used to be held there during the lifetime of the late Duke, and the custom will almost certainly be revived in this reign. The house was thrown open last week for a two-days' sale of work for the Mayfair Union, and there was quite a crowd of well-known ladies buying and selling. Viscountess Maidstone, looking very handsome in black velvet and ermine, was selling; and pretty Lady Hyde, all in black, with an ermine stole, was also busy. Tall, handsome Lady Balfour was in black chiffon over an under-dress trimmed with silver lace. The hat of black satin had a wreath of raspberries round the crown. With her was her equally tall sister, Miss Pelly, who, being Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Connaught, was in unrelieved black. The Marchioness of Salisbury was also in black; so was the Marchioness of Lansdowne, who looked in later. The Marchioness of Tweeddale wore a coat and skirt of black velvet, sable furs, and a large black satin hat, the brims turned up with royal blue and trimmed with royal blue feathers.

The illness of the Hon. Eustace Fiennes puts a temporary check upon a most active personality. As a Yeomanry Major, a member of the Stock Exchange, an Orleanist, a winning and losing Parliamentary candidate, a soldier in the Boer Rebellion, in Egypt, Mashonaland, and South Africa (Kruger called him "an intelligent young man") he has known various phases of work; and on

February 14 he acted as Chairman of a meeting of the Children's Protection Society, at which the Bishop of Croydon spoke. A brother of Lord Saye and Sele, he may have something to tell Lord Charles Beresford about his lately received Nelson relics. It was a member of Mr. Fiennes' family who bought for £100 the sword said to have been worn by Nelson at Trafalgar. It was proved afterwards that the dealer of whom he had it bought it for the sum of £1, and, alas! that it could never have belonged to a British Admiral.

Two boys under sixteen, of the training-ship *Mercury*, which is stationed at Hamble, on Southampton Water, and of which the famous athlete Mr. C. B. Fry is Honorary Director, were last week presented by the Marquis of Winchester, Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire, with the Royal Humane Society's bronze medals. This is said to be a record for any training-ship. The two boys, Arthur Driver and Frederick Yateman, jumped into the water in the dark, during bad weather and a strongly running tide, in an heroic attempt to save the life of a comrade who had fallen overboard. Although they did not succeed in saving him, they risked their own lives, and it was only by good fortune that boats from the pier and the ship succeeded in finding them in the dark. The incident was brought to the notice of the King, who commended the boys' brave action.



A SOUVENIR OF FIFTEEN YEARS IN PARLIAMENT: THE SILVER BOWL PRESENTED TO COLONEL C. W. LONG BY HIS LATE CONSTITUENTS.

As the inscription on this handsome bowl records, it has been "presented to Colonel C. W. Long, Member of Parliament for South Worcestershire (Evesham Division) 1895 to 1910, by his late constituents and supporters." Colonel Long is a Conservative, and was formerly in the Royal Artillery. The bowl was made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, of 112, Regent Street, W.

Admirably compact, accurate, and up to date, considering the vast amount of information it contains, is that useful work of reference "The Clergy List," published by Kelly's Directories, Ltd., of which the new edition for 1911—the sixtieth annual issue—has just appeared. The bulk of the book, of course, consists of the alphabetical lists of clergy and benefices; but it has also a number of special features—such as a list of private patrons with the livings in their gift, and a list of benefices classified under rural deaneries. All the biographical entries are submitted each year, as far as possible, to the individual clergy to whom they refer—some twenty to thirty thousand. Very full and useful particulars are given as to clerical incomes.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on March 8.

IMPROVING BUSINESS.

ONE market after another in the Stock Exchange is rejoicing in the better business that comes round to it, as though the wave of increased trade meant to visit all the shores of the House by turn. Mining shares are dull and lifeless, Broken Hills excepted, and only a few stale bulls seem to take any particular interest in Kaffirs or Rhodesians. Still, they will get their day sooner or later, and in the meanwhile, the investment and speculative-investment departments are enjoying "good hunting," to quote the words of Mowgli the over-wise. A further fall in the Bank Rate to 3 per cent. is expected to take place during March, and if this anticipation is realised there should be still more palmy days in store for Home Rails, while even Consols might go better for a time.

RUBBER RESURRECTION.

Whether the whole movement may not after all turn out to be a flash in the pan is the great question exercising the minds of the many people who are eagerly following the rise. A month ago, and everyone was a seller, or would-be seller were prices but to improve a turn or two. The turn or two has come, and now the sellers are amongst the most anxious of the many buyers. Some, however, are selling, and in consequence the market retains a fluid character that makes it excellent for jobbing in. We have pointed out frequently during the past few months that the trade experts at home and abroad were looking for revival in the raw material towards the end of February or the beginning of March, and in those same circles we now find a general impression that the rise has to go higher yet.

CHARTERED ON THE MEETING.

So great is the sentimental value attaching to Chartered shares that the most hardened pessimist finds it difficult to sell a bear of many, because support is usually forthcoming at unexpected moments. The papers of the past fortnight have been full of consolation for Chartered proprietors, drawing fresh comfort from the meeting and Report, which latter shows certainly a considerable improvement upon past performances, and which should be succeeded by another more favourable still in respect of the year ending this month. Taking Chartered at 1 $\frac{3}{4}$, however, the market capitalisation runs out to something over fourteen million pounds sterling, to pay 10 per cent. upon which would require that the Company should make a profit of £140,000, figures which now look a little tall, Cecil Rhodes being no longer with us. And yet Chartered may be quite easily raised to £2, and when the market begins to develop fresh strength, it is more than likely that Chartered will go to the figure named. Besides, the knowing people declare that Rhodesia will before long come into the scheme of the South African Union, in which case Chartered could be safely trusted to rise.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"To begin with," said The Jobber, "there's the probability of labour troubles."

"Perfectly true," assented The Broker.

"And you never know what Socialist legislation may be introduced," added The Solicitor.

"Nor how far the bull account is likely to be assisted by the real investor," was the next contribution—from The Banker this time.

"Nor how quickly the whole pack of cards may come tumbling about your ears," The City Editor warned them.

"Would anyone care to sell a bear of Home Railway stocks?" inquired The Broker.

There was not a single candidate for that honour.

"Looks as though we were all bulls," laughed The Jobber; "and so, I believe, we are. I am, for one."

Three of the others confessed to the same impeachment. The City Editor was one.

"But you can't carry-over," The Jobber pitied him.

"But I do. Why not?" The City Editor asked, as if astonished.

"Has your broker received written permission from your employers allowing you to speculate?"

"What rot!" sniffed the other.

"Then, under our Rules, you can't do it, and your broker runs the risk of a few years' suspension for having open a speculative account with a man who is not a principal."

"But that Rule doesn't apply to us," The City Editor scoffed.

"That's precisely what every other clerk or employee says about his own particular case, and I don't mind telling you, unless you've got a pistol with you, that you have no right to ask a broker to take such risks."

"He can look after himself, I suppose. Besides, I didn't know the Rule—"

"Then what business have you to write about Stock Exchange matters? The amount of—"

Aggressiveness here approached so near the pair that The Banker deemed it prudent to put in his pacific oar—

"Consols are very steady about 80 $\frac{1}{2}$," he observed harmlessly.

"I can't make out that Yankee Market," said The Engineer. "It baffles me completely."

"I am convinced that these slumps in Yankees are all part of a game to get cheap stock," declared The Broker. "The companies can make railroading pay, and pay handsomely, even if they're not allowed to increase their freight-charges."

"You speak on an assumption of your own, Brokie, and not by the card," The Jobber reminded him.

The Broker admitted it. "But look at the country," he cried—"its vastness, resources, wealth, industries, increasing population, and so on. It is, above all places in the world, the country for railways."

"And Reciprocity—"

"Will send Canadas up to 250."

The Banker began. "One little consideration there are some people who appear to overlook. It's this"—and he paused.

"We're all listening, Sir," said The Jobber.

"Reciprocity has not endured a set-back yet. It has been passed by the House of Representatives at Washington; it has been cordially welcomed by statesmen on both sides of the American border—"

"Not including Mr. Balfour," The City Editor interjected.

"The American border, I said," and the old gentleman smiled. "It has enjoyed, so to say, a kind of triumphal progress, and the first hard knock made on its ribs may reflect very seriously on the price of Canadian stocks."

"For the time being," suggested The Engineer.

"Oh, precisely. All I am concerned to point out now is the risk that holders of Canadas must be ready to withstand a shock if one comes; and if they are prepared, they will be the less likely to sacrifice their shares on any sudden fall."

"We will make a note of that," said The Engineer. "Meanwhile, who's been making money out of rubber?"

"I sold mine too soon," lamented The City Editor.

"So did I," and "So did I," and "So did I," said three of the others in chorus.

"Are we in for a boom again, d'you think, Brokie?"

"Can't say. Nobody can. The buying has been big and good and strong. Now it begins to look ragged. But personally, I think that even if we get a shake-out, the rise will come again directly after. There's only one word to describe adequately the condition of the market."

"What's that?"

"Resilient," said The Broker, both together.

Saturday, Feb. 25, 1911.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. McG.—The security seems sound; but you can do better, surely, with the money. Our issue of Feb. 15 gave some good selections.

A. D.—Should not advise you to buy more. If you want Kaffirs, have a few Randfontein.

WEST HAMPSTEAD.—Canadian Pacific shares are quoted in dollars—for example, 10 shares at 220 cost 2200 dollars, or £440. Leopoldina is quoted in sterling.

W. I. M.—The Malaysians will move with Rubber shares generally, and we think they will go higher.

M. J. H.—Please refer to Rule 2.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Leicester these should win: Moderate Hurdle, Clew Bay; Belgrave Hurdle, Cefn; Spring Steeplechase, Sand Bay. There will be good racing at Sandown Park, and I like these: Liverpool Trial Steeplechase, Lutteur III.; Aiselle Hurdle, Misere; Corinthian Steeplechase, Blondell; Grand Military Gold Cup, Viz; Past and Present Steeplechase, General Taylor; Maiden Hurdle, Zale; Open Military Steeplechase, Ireland's Eye II.; United Service Steeplechase, Island Chief; Imperial Cup, Montreal.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

Alternative Ignition Systems.

tension magneto. In supplanting the accumulator-fed trembler-coil system, it has added something like 20 per cent. to the efficiency and flexibility of our engines. A trifle tricky in its early days, it is now, thanks to the early work of Bosch, as reliable as any other part of an engine. Indeed, it is the rarest thing to hear of a car-owner who has suffered from ignition troubles due to his magneto, for these interesting devices nowadays function most satisfactorily from one year's end to the other. Notwithstanding this, a stand-by, alternative, or auxiliary system is desirable, if only for the confidence it inspires when touring abroad. But this system should be, as far as possible, independent of the magneto, and should possess its own contact-breaker, distributor, and coil. If objection be raised to this on the score of expense, magnetos can be now obtained in which the contact-breaker and high-tension current-distributor can be used to operate current flowing from an accumulator through a coil; and by recourse to this system, easy starting with a cold engine is obtained. When the engine is warmed up, starting with the magneto is easy enough in most cases.

The Passing of the Horse.

Clearly that noble animal the horse is doomed, here, there, and everywhere. The time cannot be far distant when the tinkling of the silver sleigh-bells on his collar and the thrash of his hoofs on the hard snow will be things of a romantic past. The fashion that Comte Jacques de Lesseps will presently set upon his arrival in Canada with his Chauvière motor-sleigh, engined by Labor and bodied by Vinet, of Paris, will put the horse's nose very much out of joint. In this matter it is curious to see how the advance in one form of locomotion—if I may refer to aviation in so mundane a manner—reacts upon another. But for the improvements in engines and aerial propellers, due to the latter-day conquest of the air, the motor-sledge would still be dependent upon the heavier motor-car engine and spiked wheels for its propulsion. That of Comte de Lesseps runs on fore-and-aft runners, and is propelled by a big propeller exerting pressure on the air. But, assuredly, there will be a shocking draught.

Rotative Balance. Upon completing the perusal of a most interesting descriptive article on "Rotating v. Stationary Balancing" in the *Autocar* of the 25th ult., the case for the former process appears so evident that one is prone to ask, Why has it not been done long since? It has surely long been clear that static balance, however absolute, could not possibly be rotative balance, and when the huge speeds at which modern machinery runs are considered, it is only too wonderful that bodies rotating at high speeds and only statically balanced have not waltzed off their beds time and again. In an attempt to remedy this state of things, a very ingenious tool has been brought out by those famous British machine tool makers, Messrs. Alfred Herbert, Ltd., of Coventry, in which rotating parts can be rotated at the speeds at which they will be required to run, and any eccentricity of movement due to undue density or slight malformation of any part be made evident and rectified by careful reduction. It has been proved that crank-shafts and fly-wheels, accurately balanced by the now old-fashioned knife-edge methods, have, when tested in one of these machines, shown symptoms of irregularity hitherto unsuspected, but sufficient to provoke harsh and noisy running at certain rates of revolution. The car engine has yet further perfection before it.

A Bold Attempt at Stability. The aeroplane builder in some cases still pursues an ardent search for automatic stability, for this attribute when attained means the

immediate and wholesale popularisation of aviation. One hears now and then of the Weiss, of which great things are whispered; but the Sloan Bicurve would appear to be a long step in the right direction. That interesting little paper the *Aero* describes it as "a biplane, whose top deck changed its mind and transformed itself into a parachute." As a matter of fact, the top plane is smartly arched, while the lower planes rake upwards from the centre in the form of a very flat V with overturned ends. This form of construction suggests stability to the lay mind by its appearance alone; and that it actually possesses this quality is apparent from the fact that it has made flights in the worst weather, when no other machines would turn out. Certainly the lines upon which this machine is formed make for the great rigidity and strength of the sustaining surfaces. The machine is sustained by the lower and stabilised by the upper arched plane. It has a single forward elevating plane, operating with a tail elevator, and is driven by a 50-h.p. Gnome engine.

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P 16-15



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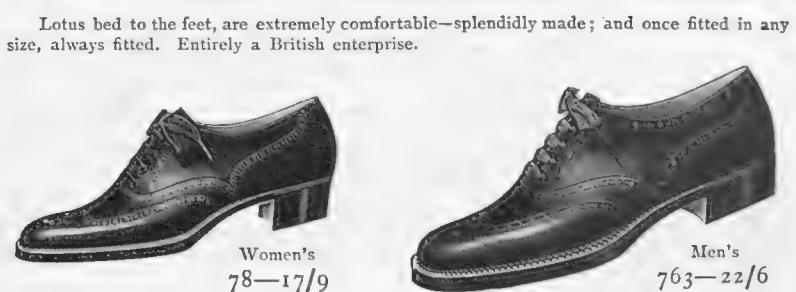
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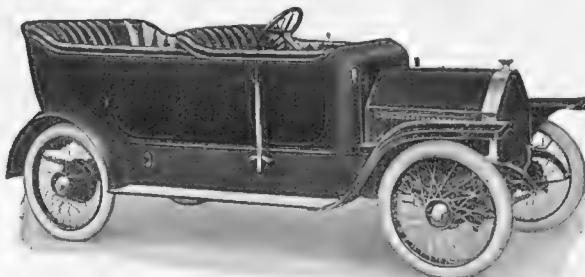
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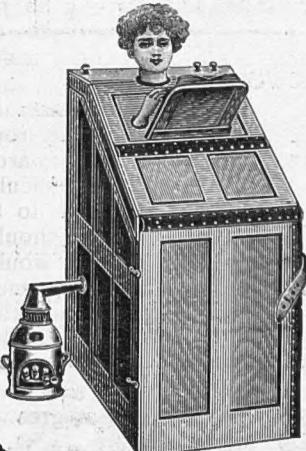
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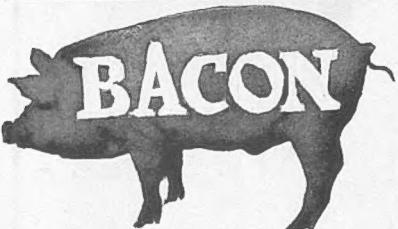
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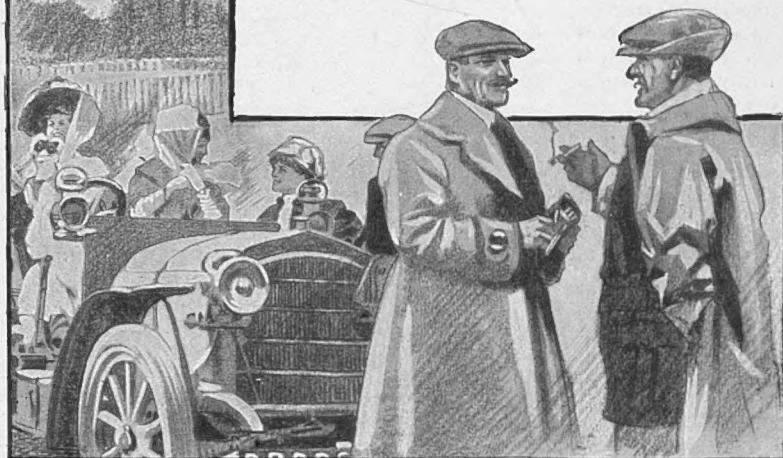
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